



# The Grail

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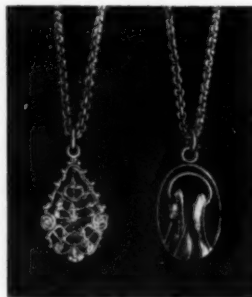
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# The Grail

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## The Story of "Bill"

*I*T was in the big city of Philadelphia that I came into existence. Tho I have been in the world only five years, I have lived a life of great adventure. Now that I've reached the quiet, peaceful monastery, I've decided to write in short the story of my life.

During the first year of my life I was taken to many historic places. Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon, Mammoth Cave—these are only a few of the privileges I have had in the way of travel. I accompanied a salesman on his trips which included almost every state in the Union. In my second year the salesman left me with a very wealthy lady. She, however, seemed to care little for me.

It was while I was living with this lady that the most exciting thing of my life occurred. We were riding along a lonely country road when suddenly two men ordered our car to stop. They held the lady and the driver at the point of a gun while I and her other valuable possessions were taken from her. I do not like to recall what happened, for I was so roughly handled.

One day I was taken into a store and left there with the owner. He was a kind, gracious man whom everyone liked at first sight. Something seemed to tell me that I would not be with him very long, and this was true. It was on Christmas Eve, one year ago, that he took me

to Jimmy, a poor, crippled boy of twelve years of age.

Dear, gentle Jimmy! How often he sat there in his poor little room, all alone, waiting through the long hours of the day for his mother to come home from work. He surely liked me. Every month he received a few pennies which he put away in his little box. No one knew his secret; I suppose I was the first to find it out—I should say the second.

Two weeks ago a priest came to see Jimmy. The boy was so glad to have visitors, especially this dear friend of his. Father had hardly entered the room when Jimmy hobbled to meet him, exclaiming, "Oh, I got it! Enough for two."

What Father said, I do not know. Soon Jimmy gave me to the priest, who brought me to St. Meinrad's. I felt hurt that Jimmy had given me to some one else, until I learned that in return he had gotten for his mother and also for his sister out west a subscription to THE GRAIL. That's why he was so eagerly saving his pennies, just to buy a birthday gift for his mother and sister, whose birthday is in February.

So here I am in the big Benedictine monastery. Even tho my stay here be short, it shall never be forgotten. That is all of my story; and my name is—just an ordinary Dollar "Bill."

# Early Training for Life

Adrian Fries, O. S. B.

**W**HILE diplomats wrangle and re-

*A discussion of that often-neglected, but extremely important period of a child's life—the pre-school age.*

who is the first, the natural, and the most influential

formers fume over the perplexing problems of today, tiny, mischievous hands are fast shaping the world's destinies for tomorrow. Our children, in the quiet, peaceful sanctuary of the home, before they begin school, receive the most important education and the most decisive training of their lives. "Who seizes the child," observes Francis Thompson, "seizes the future." In the tender pre-school age, the character is practically molded, the foundation of all religious and moral training is laid, the vocation is determined—in a word, the child is trained for life.

The world today is writhing in crime and vice and corruption. Our prisons shriek out a woeful tale of parental neglect. It is high time that Catholic parents, at least, begin to realize the weighty responsibility they have of preparing their children in early years to face the bitter realities ahead. "We cannot possibly keep them," wrote Cardinal Newman, "from plunging into the world with all its ways and principles and maxims, when their time comes; but we can prepare them for what is inevitable."

A man's life is traced, with few exceptions, after the pattern of his early domestic training. As the child, so the man, so the citizen, so the Catholic. A few well-grounded principles inculcated in the tender, impressionable years before formal schooling begins, go farther in determining a man's character and worth than all the theories and threats propounded in later life. It must be remembered that it is the mother, not the professional pedagogue,

teacher of her child.

Again, in the religious and moral order, nothing can supply the inestimable blessing of a solid, deeply-rooted training from early years. The simple little lessons learned at the mother's knee, of Jesus and Mary, of heaven and the saints, of the wickedness of sin, will assuredly outlive the most impressive catechism lesson and the most touching sermon. Those beautiful little prayers first lisped at two or three will never be forgotten.

"Give me a child till he's four," a learned Jesuit once declared, "and I will answer for his soul." He knew the importance of those early years; he realized the value of first principles.

St. Therese of the Child Jesus was always very grateful for the influence of the good example of her family and careful home training. "Oh," she wrote in later life, "how many souls might attain to great sanctity if they were wisely guided from their childhood."

"You'd be surprised how little those 'little things' know about God," complains one of our teaching nuns. "They are actually little pagans. What could mothers not do if only they would begin and begin early." In a world so ungodly as ours, an instilling, from the earliest years, of strong moral and religious principles is positively necessary.

Another point of prime importance to be solved in early years is the trying question of vocation. Vocation is not a trifling thing to be determined by the momentary whim of

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# Junior Nurse

Marie Hardiman Kennedy

FIVE feet two inches of starched sweetness. That was Mary Burns, junior nurse at St. Joseph's Hospital. One of her nicest characteristics was that she didn't know how pretty she really looked in her stiff white uniform, small flat heeled shoes and organdy cap.

Neither did young Dr. Garner realize the loveliness of the operating-room nurse. It was evident to Mary that the idealistic interne took about as much notice of her as he did of the ether-tank and the neat white bandage-rolls.

So Mary tried not to remember that he was in the room. She packed shining delicate instruments carefully, slid long boxes into glass cases, snapped locks. She was a long minute turning around, hoping Dr. Garner would leave. Somehow it was always such a cool shock to meet his preoccupied professional, "Oh - yes - you-are-a-junior-nurse" smile.

Evidently he was in no hurry. There he was standing beside the scrubbing-sink near his chief, Dr. Hopefield, celebrated surgeon. The young doctor was holding the older man's gloves and looking as if just touching the limp, powdery, rubber things was an ecstasy.

Mary's breath caught in her throat. This was one of the traits she loved in Dr. Garner, that he had a hero in the famous Dr. Hopefield, and didn't mind the whole world looking in on his worship.

Everything was precise in the cases. No excuse to linger. She walked briskly to the door and out. She was aware that the young physician hardly noticed her brush by. But in her own heart there registered a flash picture of a slim, tall man with a face that was certainly not handsome. Too long and thin and intense, but redeemed by gray eyes with dreams and a strong mouth that was also tender.

Ten minutes before the lecture bell. Time for a brief visit to the chapel. Slipping into

the first pew at the Blessed Virgin's altar, Mary wondered if, perhaps, the Mother of God might not be a little weary of listening to this discouraging love story. It did not occur to the girl that she could not confide in a safer haven.

"Everything is just the same, Holy Mother," she began, not with her lips, but with her thoughts, while the hushed holiness, the hopeful red flicker of tiny votive lights and the sweet incense of white roses melted into soothing peace about her. The habit of mental prayer was very natural to Mary Burns. It had been taught to her by a holy and wise mother.

"I'm such a silly person," the thoughts went on, "when I know about Miss Lillie Lavelle. She must be beautiful and very good and kind or Dr. Garner could never love her. I don't like her name though. Fluffy! Ruth or Theresa or Margaret or some other womanly, strong name would be better. Worrying over a name! See how foolish I am, dear Mother! Help me to be a good nurse, to graduate and be an honor to my profession and to do something worth-while in the world. Please, don't let Dr. Garner keep staying on my mind to spoil all my plans." It never occurred to Mary to pray that the young doctor actually notice her. Such a request would be like demanding the moon all rimmed around with choice blue stars. And anyway there was Lillie Lavelle, rich society girl!

The day's hard routine went on evenly until after six in the evening. By then the little nurse was fatigued mentally and physically. Her room-mate had gone out. Everybody either was on duty, at class, or had plans. She would go to a movie alone.

Then she remembered. A live Catholic Action group had been started among the student nurses. Especially was the society interested in doing its share to clean up the local film



showing. Pledge cards had been signed not to see pictures on the undesirable list. Nora Carey had the latest list. She was to have made copies for the class. But didn't. Just like easy-going Nora! And now she was off duty.

Mary had looked over the list and felt she could remember the titles. A survey of the evening paper revealed two. But there was another picture—"Twilight Dreams." That couldn't be on the list. Sounded interesting, romantic, quaint. It was at the Palace—'way down town and it was raining. But what matter? She would go.

A half hour later a very trim young person under her mushroom umbrella started out, or rather splashed her way through rain puddles. The golden brown of tailored dress seemed to melt into warm brown eyes and glint again in the red-brown ringlets that peeped from under a tight fitting beret. The flat heeled shoes had been exchanged for brown pumps with heels that were mere slivers of shining leather at least four inches high. Mary loved *very* high heels. She wondered, if she were permitted to wear them about the hospital, would Dr. Garner know she existed. At least she wouldn't be so far beneath his eyes.

The picture theater beckoned through the rain mist in a blur of colored lights. Mary was sorry she had to come alone. Nice to be with someone.

She walked into the inviting interior. There was a "Mickey Mouse" and a newsreel. Then

the feature. The first reel had not ended when Mary knew if this film was not on the objectionable list it ought to be! There was nothing fine or good or even human in the characterizations. Dancing girls were literally pulled into the story without rhyme or reason of continuity or plot need.

It was less than half over when she left, her mind filled with indignation. How could such pictures be shown? Everything was warped.

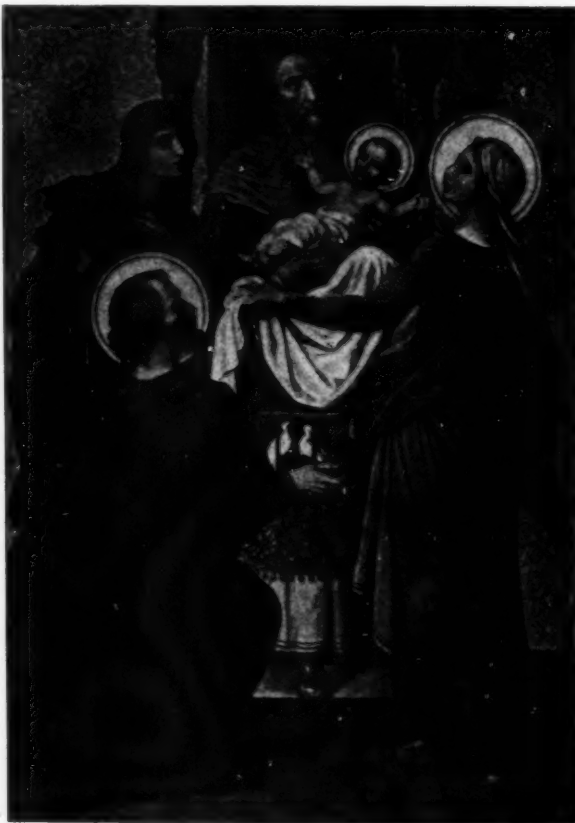
It was supposed to be life. *She* saw life—sometimes at its ugliest in the hospital wards, but it was soothed and hushed and surrounded with clean decency. Life made *some* effort to hide its own ugly scars. It was only on the screen that the unsightly spots were focused—and even glorified.

The lobby was packed with people. Blindly pushing through to the outer door, Mary stood a moment, preparing to open her umbrella. She did not know that she could reach out and touch Dr. Garner, as he stood, a foot from her, with his beautiful fiancée Lillie Lavelle.

Dr. Garner had not seen Mary. He was too preoccupied in searching the angry face of Miss Lavelle. Across his own forehead a puzzled frown settled that did not lift as he assisted the girl through the crowded door and out to their waiting machine.

In the car, her blue eyes flashing, a very angry Lillie Lavelle declared, "It was ridiculous—leaving. I wanted to see all of the picture."

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## Philosophy, The First Philosophers

Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B.

**A**LTHOUGH every man, in as far as he seeks wisdom and truth, is a philosopher, yet when we speak of philosophers we generally mean those who did this in a very special way. It is in the latter sense that I speak here of the first philosophers.

By nature man is an intellectual being. The intellect was made to know truth and if it does not possess truth it will be restless and will seek for it. The intellect wants an explanation that satisfies, it wants to know the reasons and causes of things. The ultimate reason and cause of all things is God Himself. The intellect cannot be satisfied unless it knows God. St. Augustine has expressed this beautifully: "Thou hast made us for Thyself. Our hearts are not at rest, till they rest in Thee."

Now there are two ways of arriving at truth. One is by way of divine revelation and the other is by way of natural science. The first way we may call Religion. It is evident that Religion, in order to give us truth, must be true itself. False religion cannot give us the truth.

Since religion teaches us about God and tells us about the meaning of life, where we came from and whither we are going, it is clear that religion gives us the best explanation. But the man who has no religion can obtain truth only in one way, viz., through natural science. Since the man who has not had the benefits of religion, is far from possessing a satisfactory explanation of the mysteries of nature as they confront him, it is natural that he will try to seek an explanation in the only way that he knows.

The man without religion and the man with a false religion frequently seem more solicitous about truth than the man who has the true religion. The man who already has the truth does not feel the necessity of being solicitous any more. He is calm and quiet, whereas the man without the real truth is restless and anxious. Why is America such a restless nation? Because it does not have enough true religion.

In the beginning Adam and Eve knew that

God existed, for God spoke with them. God also revealed other truths to them. This primitive religion gave a very satisfactory explanation. Adam and Eve as well as their succeeding generations knew the purpose of their own existence as well as the origin and purpose of other things. Men did not become philosophically inclined, in the sense that they sought for truth by reason alone, because they possessed the truths that were important.

By and by this primitive religion became corrupt, but even in its corrupt stage it still contained some essential truths, e. g., knowledge of the existence of one God. When religion becomes false and corrupt it does not immediately deny all truths. At first it still retains some important truths; then these gradually become dim. As long as religion contained the important truths concerning God, people were not so liable to enter upon the other way of seeking an explanation of things. Finally religion had become so corrupt that it could no longer be called religion. The pagans had lost the truth of one true God and had adopted a system of mythology instead. This mythology could not give a satisfactory explanation, and so man was forced to enter upon the other way of finding truth, viz., the way of reason alone. At that time man was really in darkness and ignorance. Since he did not know of any revelation to guide him he could proceed only slowly and imperfectly. He easily made mistakes.

The first philosophers we find in Greece. They were pagans who had lost trace of all divine revelation. They saw the world about them but did not understand its meaning. They asked, "Where did the world come from?" "Who made it?" They saw people dying and they asked, "Where are they going?" "Is death the end of man?" Who could answer them these questions? No one. Hence the wiser ones of the Greeks tried to answer these questions for themselves. But the wisdom of even the wisest was still very imperfect. In the next article I will give some examples of what these first philosophers taught.

# The Prayer that was Answered

Another story about "Christ's Little One."

Jac Kerstiens

"MAMA, what does 'to see' mean?" Little Cecilia, aged five, sat on the sofa beside her mother studiously spelling out the words with raised-lettered blocks.

Miriam laid aside the sheer little frock upon which she had been working and drew the little girl to her breast. She had been expecting that question—and dreading it. She had prayed for the right words with which to answer it, words that would explain truthfully and clearly, yet leave no glamorous desire in the heart of this little one whom she loved, desire that might never be realized.

"To see, dear, means the light and color of things. Light and color can be seen only with the eyes, not with the fingers."

"Is that what that strange doctor meant when he looked at my eyes and said I might be able to see? Did he mean I might see light and color with my eyes?"

"Yes, darling. But it may be our blessed Lord's will that you will not see even after this great doctor operates on your eyes. We will pray only that His will be done, won't we?"

Cecilia's slim though dimpled little fingers sought Miriam's face caressingly.

"Mamma," she asked after a moment, "does our Jesus love little girls who cannot see, as well as He loves those who can?"

"Of course He does, dear. They are especially dear to Him. He often loves them more to make up for the sight He does not give them."

"And do you and daddy love me as much as if I could see?"

"Oh, my darling, we love you more than anything in the world. Nothing could make us love you more—or less." Miriam yearned to tell her that it was those very sightless eyes that had won her love in the first place. But that would sound too much like pity, and Cecilia was a sensitive child. Besides, Miriam hoped little Cecilia might never know that she was not their very own.

There was a long moment of silence during which Miriam knew the keen mind beneath the

golden-brown curls was active—seeking the answer to questions that most children twice her age would never think of. Presently:

"Then why, mamma, do you and daddy want me to see?"

The opening of the apartment door at that moment spared Miriam the necessity of answering this ponderous question.

Little Cecilia, at the first sound of John's step in the hall, forgetful for the moment of the weighty subject at hand, slipped from her mother's arms and flew to meet him.

John's face beamed as he entered the room with the child in his arms, her lovely little fingers "seeing" his face.

"It's all settled, Miriam," he exclaimed jubilantly, "the great Dr. Jerin will operate Tuesday. We're to take Cecilia to the hospital tomorrow. Oh, won't it be grand, honey," to the child, as he cuddled her close to his heart, "if he can fix up our little girl's eyes so she can see—can see the birds and flowers and sky and sunshine—"

Miriam's wild gesticulating cut short his exuberance.

"Sorry, Miriam, I forgot," he said penitently as he sank into a chair. Then again to the child:

"You won't mind, will you, honey, when the doctors put you to sleep with a strange-smelling liquid, and then when you wake up you might be a little ill for awhile, and there will be bandages over your eyes. But when they are taken off you will—I mean we will go home."

"No, I won't mind, daddy, if you and mamma will be with me all the time. I'll like to go home again, across the ocean on a ship that is like this hotel, only we know there are no trees and flowers around it, but only water. We'll feel the wind from the water on our faces, and maybe—oh, daddy, maybe I'll see the water!"

Miriam and John remained with their little one every moment during the time she was being prepared for the operation which they



hoped and prayed would give her sight. They each held a tiny hand as the ether cone was placed over the little flower-like face and the little one relaxed and breathed deeply as the doctor told her to do.

Once the little hand clutched, as if to make sure the mother still held it. Miriam bent over to assure her.

"My Jesus," she heard the faint whisper from the baby lips, "I'd rather you would love me more."

Not being permitted to remain in the room during the operation, John and Miriam slipped down the corridor to the chapel.

John prayed, almost frantically, that the operation would be a success, that the little one whom he had learned to love as if she were his very own might be given sight with which to see all the beauties of creation. He had never prayed so intensely before. He felt that if God would grant just this one prayer there would be nothing wanting to make life perfect for them all.

Miriam prayed as earnestly as John, but the whispered prayer she had heard from the baby lips tempered her passionate plea. "Thy will be done," she added after every fervent invocation.

They were back at the door of the operating room when the momentous task was finished. They hurried along beside the cart as the still sleeping little form was wheeled rapidly back to her room. Once there, they stood about awkwardly, afraid of getting in the way of the busy nurses, and more afraid that little Cecilia would awaken and find her little hands not clasped by theirs.

Finally everything was done. One nurse silently took her leave and the other motioned the anxious parents to chairs she had placed on

either side of the small bed. "There," she said in English, "everything is arranged. We have only to wait for the ether to wear off."

Eagerly John and Miriam took their places, each clasping a tiny, dimpled hand.

Time dragged slowly. They smoothed the golden-brown curls. They gently stroked the little wrists. They prayed silently as they watched the labored breathing.

The awful waiting seemed endless, like eternity, but at last a murmured "Mamma, daddy," brought joy and relief to the distracted parents.

"Yes, dear," they spoke soothingly, happy tears in their eyes and their voice shaken and hoarse, "we are here, darling, do not be afraid."

The little chin quivered as if the little girl were about to cry. Then the lips smiled bravely, the little fingers twined about the ones that held them, and then she slept again. Natural sleep now, the nurse explained professionally.

Then came the long days of waiting until the bandages could be removed. The days of torturous waiting during which John and Miriam tried to laugh and talk and be natural, studiously avoiding the subject uppermost in their hearts and minds.

Would she see? Had God in His goodness given sight to their precious one? They

asked these questions of each other, eyes beseeching, silently, and each consoled the other.

Although a trained nurse was in constant attendance, either John or Miriam, usually both, were with their little one every moment of the day and night. They strove to fill all her waking hours with happiness and joyous surprises, endeavoring to leave not one empty moment in  
(Turn to page 303)



### Thorns and Nails

KATE AYERS ROBERT

*Does your work to you seem trivial?*

*Just be of good cheer—  
Not a thing He created is lost—*

*You were made for a purpose,*

*Some day you will hear  
The why, the results and the cost.*

*And then came a whisper  
Allaying all fear—*

*"Let uneasy murmurs be  
fur'd,*

*Be glad the Creator*

*Could use you, nor sneer...*

*You have helped in redeeming a world!"*

# The Voyage of the "Pax"

Sr. M. Theresa, O. S. B.

And now the PAX was sighted, and  
A signal from the masthead of the ship  
Soon caused her to stand still until they were  
Alongside. And Symphorian's heart beat fast  
As he beheld the well-remembered boat,  
With sails of black, and old familiar friends,  
His comrades, on the deck. How calm, sedate,  
They looked in their black gowns. Even the young  
Lad, Theodore, seemed changed. And yet they were  
The same. There was Callixtus, smiling as  
Of old and fair, and there as sturdy, tall,  
As ever stood dear Agathos. How sweet  
It was to leap into the little boat  
That bore him soon alongside of the PAX,  
To fling himself once more down at the feet  
Of his old guide, and beg to be again  
Admitted to the youthful, happy crew.  
"Nay, nay, my son," came the reply, and cold  
And almost sternly was it spoke, "for of  
Thy own free will and after warning too  
Didst thou depart from us. We need thee not."

"I pray thee, father, try me once again."

"How can I trust thee, who hast freely gone  
To join the band of worldly hearts? Remain  
Where now thou art; 'tis better suited to  
Thy taste."

"I'm not," the youth began to plead  
Again, "I'm not the old Symphorian. Try  
Me once again. My mates I've seen go down  
Into the blackest sea, and long before  
I'd learned by sad experience what worth  
Their so-called pleasures had. Fain would I now  
Atonement make. The lowest rank's too good  
For me; but let me stay with thee and thine."

A low and broken voice then pleaded thus:  
"O father, does not ever the Blessed One  
Take back into his barque all those whose feet  
Have slipped, whose courage once has failed? He is  
Too merciful to bar His heart against  
Them. See," Callixtus still went on; "I more  
Unworthy am, by far, to have a place  
Among thy band, than poor Symphorian here.  
Yet thou hast pardoned me and placed me in  
Thy chosen ranks. I pray thee, pardon then  
Our brother here."

The old man's face relaxed;  
A tender smile played on his lips while he  
Looked at the boys still kneeling at his feet.  
"Far be it from me, sons, to quench the flax  
Still smoking. Rise and list, Symphorian.

Thy prayer is answered," kindly said the guide.  
But still his gaze was on Callixtus fixed.  
They joyfully arose. But when the glad  
Symphorian wished to pour out his great joy  
And thankfulness in words, the aged guide  
Soon checked him. "Nay, my son, by deeds now prove  
Thyself and not in words. Back to the oar!  
Take up thy work again, and peace be thine."

The old routine on board the PAX went on  
Unchanged, but Symphorian sat in his  
White tunic near his friend, Callixtus good,  
And it were hard to say which of the twain  
Worked harder and more ceaselessly. Anon  
The oarsmen rested and partook of that  
Mysterious Food, or while some took their turn  
To row, the others raised their voices, fresh  
And young, in hymns of praise that cheered them in  
The midst of toil. When almost half their course  
Was made, there came in sight, a little isle,  
Bright green, and very fair to look upon.  
The PAX ran up her flag, and from the isle  
Came in reply the joyous sounds of bells.  
It was with zeal renewed our mariners  
Pulled at their oars, for they had been for hours  
All eager to catch sight of it. For here  
The father told them that from out their band  
A few would chosen be as Vicars of  
The Prince, a rare and mighty dignity,  
Who would endow them with His powers great,  
And charge them with the care of all His fleet.  
The Mystic Bread, the PANIS VITAE, had  
Been heretofore extended to them all  
By the good guide. Henceforth a few among  
Their band would be taught how to make and give  
This bread unto themselves and to the faint  
And dying, to refresh their needy souls.  
Around this ISLE OF HOLY PRIESTHOOD lay  
A sea, all calm and blue. The sun shone bright  
Once more. Amid the ringing of the bells  
Unseen, the PAX did glide into a small  
Lagoon; the voyagers beheld with joy  
The coral rocks and verdure of the isle,  
Which once had been the Prince's own abode.  
The weary voyage passed, it seemed to them  
A portion of that heavenly country which  
They hoped to reach. In truth these beauties were  
But the surrounding of that wondrous tree,  
The TREE OF LIFE, long years ago put there  
By Princely hands. This tree its stately head  
Uplifted in the middle of the isle,  
And grateful to the weary travellers  
The shade it made. It bore white flowers rare  
And fruits all golden, and its leaves were for  
The healing of the nations. All who supped

The juice thereof were healed. But none save those  
 Were able to distil this liquid, who  
 Became the Vicars of the Prince. And here,  
 Beneath these towering trees, Callixtus and  
 Good Agathos, a third, Gaudentius named,  
 Were chosen to be Vicars of the Prince.  
 Into their trembling hands were placed the fruits  
 And leaves from off the TREE OF LIFE, plucked by  
 The father good. Henceforth they were to guard  
 This Sacred Treasure, which no hand might touch  
 Unconsecrated, and offer it to those  
 In need. Thus each of them became the true  
 And very image of the loving Prince,  
 Who planted long ago this Tree, to give  
 To weary mariners the longed for strength  
 And consolation, too. And of the fruit  
 Was to be made the PANIS VITAE which  
 Should give to them and their companions in  
 The weary task which yet before them lay  
 The strength they'd need. I wish that you the good  
 Youth, Agathos, had seen, and his two mates  
 As before the aged guide they knelt, and took  
 From him this gift and this commission in  
 The Prince's name. The joy serene that beamed  
 In their sweet faces, was not of this earth,  
 And happy was the little Theodore  
 When forward fast he came to kiss their hands  
 So newly consecrated. Then there fell  
 A silence on our little band. Anon  
 Methought that in their midst there stood the Form  
 Of One with wounded hands and feet. His hands  
 Were raised in blessing and I saw a wound,  
 From which bright flames were darting, in His breast.  
 I know not if the mariners beheld  
 This vision rare for they had fallen down  
 Upon their faces. Then there came, as 'twere  
 A whisper soft as air, which breathed upon  
 And thrilled into their hearts. A soft and sweet  
 And tender strain of music followed that  
 It moved them even unto tears. They knew  
 That this was holy ground and that the Prince  
 Had not forsaken it.

### *Early Training for Life*

*(Continued from page 292)*

the child; it is something to be decided only after a thorough study, from the earliest years, of the child's character and disposition and aptitude. Upon this decision rests, to a great extent, the usefulness and happiness of a lifetime. When the time comes, parents should be prepared to advise their children prudently about their callings, having at heart their spiritual as well as their material welfare.

So far we have discussed the important part that pre-school education plays in forming the character, in establishing a solid moral and

religious foundation, and in deciding the vocation. There remains another advantage to be derived from early domestic training—though of lesser moment—namely, the mental development.

Statistics have conclusively shown that children who are given a suitable course in domestic training fare much better in formal school work than those who are not so privileged. Some parents erroneously think that study or mental growth should not be thought of until a child starts to school. Such an opinion is unfounded. Pre-school mental training, if properly and prudently undertaken, cannot but prove to be profitable and of incalculable assistance to a child in later life.

Good Catholic parents, many of them, though they realize the importance of pre-school education, feel the lack of a competent advisor in this regard. Happily, then, have such institutions been established as the National League of Teacher-Mothers, of Minerva, New York, to assist them in training their children.

Miss Ella Frances Lynch, foundress of this organization, has made an extensive study of domestic education. By sage advice and intelligent direction she and the members of her staff have afforded invaluable assistance to thousands of mothers. Their record of achievement is a grand testimony to the quality and success of their work. "Our organization," Miss Lynch writes, "has helped parents in shaping the education of nearly 80,000 children. None has turned out badly. None has failed in school." The National League of Teacher-Mothers has received the approbation of several prelates. It certainly deserves whole-hearted support.

Men are slowly reawakening to the fact that the morality, the culture, the happiness of a nation depend on the education of that nation—primarily on the pre-school education. What our delapidated educational system needs is not reform, but reconstruction. If we are to rebuild it, we must begin on a solid foundation. If we are to make America a better, a more cultured, a happier nation, we must begin by reinstating the home as the focal point of all education. You, Catholic mothers, must take the lead. Give your child an even chance; train your child for life!

# Why a Catholic Philosophy of Education?

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

IT goes without saying that what is learned in theory will, sooner or later, be reduced to practice. The child sitting in the benches of the little red school house is imbibing principles that will form a basis for its later behavior. Were it not for this inevitable law, that man will always do as he knows, there would be no cause for alarm at the American school's wholesale way of imparting wrong principles; nor would it be necessary to cast about for a true philosophy of education with which to arm Catholic teachers against the unmoral drift of American State education. To appreciate some of the consequences of this mal-education, let us examine some of the stuff that is served up in state schools.

First of all, and this is the most startling thing about the whole situation, it is assumed that the past history of the human race presents nothing but a series of dismal failures, of valiant beginnings ending inevitably in collapse. Seeking for a cause of this periodic human decline, the apostles of the new philosophy find it in inferior racial stock, in plainer English, the propagation of physically and mentally low-rate men. The remedy they offer is Eugenics, the science of race breeding, the elimination of the unfit by birth control. Shockingly animal as this may sound, this philosophy is taught in our American state schools, and teachers go out from thence to unsoul and animalize the young hopefuls of our commonwealth.

The upshot of such a philosophy is patent; it makes human society unsafe, by perpetuating a race of men, trained as far as natural intelligence goes, but deficient in moral restraints; men who have no god but their selfish passions, and are deterred by no power but that of the police court. "Educate men without religion and you make of them but clever devils," observed the Duke of Wellington on one occasion, and we apply the same thought to public school education.

"Look here on this picture, and upon this," said the great Dane. Turn from this gloomy

picture of a blundering state trying to educate children to live without God, to a system that bears the guarantee of two thousand years of successful use. The Catholic Church while recognizing the necessity of adjusting her children to the world in which we live, goes infinitely farther than our state system, and prepares them for eternity. The one stops short of the life beyond, leaves out God, and hopelessly mars the real meaning behind life in this world; the other, instructed by Christ, equips man for eternity, and in doing so makes of him a more useful citizen of the world.

## With a Bleeding Heart

HENRY BRENNER, O. S. B.

Hardly any other parable of our divine Savior moves us so powerfully as that of the Good Shepherd; a mere picture of that Good Shepherd with the lost sheep in his arms, returning to the fold to place it in safety, is enough to bring tears to our eyes; for we realize how often just that thing has happened to us—more often perhaps than we shall ever know!

Are there any good shepherds today? Yes, more than anyone could ever guess. Not to speak of all those whose duty it is to go after the sheep that have strayed, there are other good shepherds—and shepherdesses too! There is that Italian girl, Gemma Galgani, of holy fame, one of us, we might say, a living example of our own times. Was she a good shepherdess? Read the following facts, and you will have no doubt of it.

It is said that Gemma one day fell into an ecstasy, in which it was revealed to her that a certain sinner, at the point of death, would pass away the next day unrepentant. Gemma, her heart bleeding with compassion and a burning love of her neighbor, could not rest. Throwing herself before the feet of Christ she begged Him to forgive the sinner and to punish her instead of him. Christ answered that justice must be fulfilled; the man had no feeling of



repentance, and without that nothing could be done. But Gemma persisted, so great was her anxiety lest this soul should be lost. Thrice she offered herself, and thrice was she refused. Then, remembering Mary, the Refuge of Sinners, she fell at her feet, begging her to intercede. Mary could not resist such a loving plea, and going to Christ was, as usual, not resisted by Him. The favor was granted, for the sinner died repentant. It was another lost sheep returned to the fold by a good shepherdess, who was willing to go to every sacrifice to save him!

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### *Sixteen and Sixty-Eight*

The old abbey bells ring out merrily, little conscious of the pair of hands that swings them. At the matin hour that pair of hands is old and wrinkled and worn with many years of patient toil in the service of God; but when the bells peal forth their vesper note, different hands grasp the rope,—young hands full of life and vigor. Thus the old brother sacristan and his young assistant take turns at announcing the time for the performance of that Divine Office which the choir religious of the monastery owe to God.

While they are ringing, the bells can not stop to count the odds, but by their sound one can tell when they are being rung by the senior brother, and when they feel the spirited impulse of his warm-blooded junior. From their vantage point high up in the towers they must delight in watching the actions of the sacristans, for together the two brothers dust the altars and sweep the church, care for the sacristy and the sacred vessels of the altar, wind the tower clock and prepare the altar breads and linens. The bowed head and gray beard of the old man contrast strongly with the clean, smooth face of the youth. It is a pleasure to watch them at work. The elder brother moves about slowly and with measured gait; his young helper is agile and quick in his actions, ever on the alert to be of assistance. His youthful spirit often needs repression, which the other prudently provides for from time to time; on the other hand, his companion's buoyant character puts new vigor in the weary limbs of the old man. And so it is that both

of them, the young brother and the old, help each other, fully realizing in their daily round of duties those beautiful words of Scripture: A brother that is helped by his brother is like a strong city (Prov. 18:19).

The work of the sacristans is not confined to the sacristy and the church; they also have some work to do out-of-doors. They have a small garden wherein they cultivate choice flowers for the decoration of the altars. There in the springtime they work side by side, the youth of sixteen softly humming to himself, the old man of sixty-eight occupied with his own thoughts. It matters not that the senior brother is a native of St. Gall, Switzerland, and that the youth was born in our neighbor state, Illinois, nor that the old brother speaks English with a broken German accent, while the young man knows scarcely any German. They get along admirably because both are actuated by the same strong, electrifying current of divine love. This heaven-lent impulse guides them through the bright, smooth channels of monastic peace, while they themselves are happily unconscious of the amount of good their humble mode of life is accomplishing for the large world of busy, hurrying humanity beyond the monastery gates. Now, they are truly hidden with Christ in God, but, ah, the day of revelation will come, in which their true worth shall be made manifest to the whole world. This—the life of a Benedictine Laybrother—is a life full of religion, peace, and merit. In such a life the soul grows fat and ripe for a blessed eternity, and the needs of the body are given that prudent share of attention which is prompted by the fatherly solicitude of St. Benedict.—V. D.

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### *The Child's Religion*

"The mother who is daily growing more and more fully into the Image and Likeness of God will take delight in being a chosen instrument in helping to develop in her little children this same Image and Likeness. So this mother will not fail to begin very early to sow slowly, carefully and intelligently the seeds of Christian Doctrine in their baby minds and at the same time train their baby wills always to act in harmony with the truths which she has taught them."—*Mother Margaret Bolton.*

*Junior Nurse**(Continued from page 294)*

"And I didn't want to see it in the first place. I went only because you insisted. That picture is on the objectionable list."

"Lists! Catholic Action! Such narrow ideas!"

"Look here, Lillie. You are a Catholic. How can you talk so? But let us not quarrel. And honestly do you think it was decent?"

"The picture was sheer realism."

"Deliver me from realism then."

So they did quarrel seriously. And parted without saying, "Good-night." Dr. Garner was hurt, disillusioned, puzzled, but firmly entrenched in the conviction that he was right.

Mary had arrived at the hospital. She was drenched through. She didn't mind the limp condition of her clothes. It was the angry reaction of her mind over the film that concerned her. She would go to the chapel for a visit, get the mean feeling out of her soul.

The chapel was in the hospital building—across the campus. But the rain had stopped. There was a warm summery smell about the world that was good.

With head bent she hurried around the edge of a six foot hedge and bumped directly into a tall rapidly moving figure also with bent head, coming from the opposite direction.

"Why—Dr. Garner?"

"Why—Miss Burns!"

So he *did* know her name! She raised her eyes, startingly blue eyes under the gleam of the rain-drenched arc-light on the entrance gate. Just now they were also vivid because indignation still burned like flames of genius in their depths.

"You seem disturbed about something" Dr. Garner questioned.

"You seem disturbed yourself."

"I am. I've just returned from seeing a moving picture."

"Twilight Dreams?"

"The same! Did you see it?"

"I left when it was about half over."

"So did I." The doctor sighed deeply. Suddenly he laughed. "I'm so glad you didn't stay for it all! I mean I'm glad somebody feels as

strongly about it as I do. I wanted to rush up and punch the screen full of holes!"

"Why didn't you? I'd have stood up and cheered!"

"You mean that?"

"Of course. Laugh if you wish, but I hated it so I wanted to make a noise, any kind of a noise."

"I won't laugh," gently. "Listen, Mary Burns, it's against the rules for an interne to ask a nurse to go driving with him—from the hospital. But if I'd call for you at your home Sunday afternoon; that wouldn't be breaking the rules, would it?"

"No." The one abrupt word was all Mary could think of as if no other words were in the world. A shower of fat warm rain drops swept off the high hedge and sprinkled her head and shoulders. Such a friendly world!

"I want a congenial person to talk with, about good and bad movies—and things in general." The young doctor laughed again apologetically. "I know a lovely road. But you haven't said you will come?"

Mary never remembered saying "Yes." But she must have. Because they drove over the lovely road and found it very satisfactory.

*A Philosophy of Life*

"It has been said by a recent writer that, 'every intelligent human being should formulate to the best of his or her ability a philosophy of life.' And, the thought immediately suggests itself, 'what is a philosophy of life?' It is nothing else but an ideal interpretation of life according to certain purposes and principles which remain fixed during serious problems and difficulties. . . . Religion is one of the great philosophies of life, dominating both our conduct and thought. It interprets all the phenomena of life in a more luminous sphere, and it, like nothing else, makes puny man persist in spite of difficulties and discouragements. . . . People without religion waver for the very lack of an ideal. They too often follow whims, seeking personal satisfaction which soon nauseates, and in the time of crisis they are unwilling to endure the patient self-denial and hardships which are inevitable."

—*St. Joseph Magazine.*

*The Prayer that was Answered**(Continued from page 297)*

which she might think of or hope for that which might never be.

Miriam brought all the little one's dolls to the hospital, and her raised-lettered blocks. She played dolls with her, and helped her spell out new words; she brought new games, carefully selected in the strange shops, and figured them out with Cecilia.

John filled the room with flowers, flowers the little blind girl loved. And as each new bouquet was brought to her she would gently touch the dewy mass with her "seeing" little fingers, inhale their sweet fragrance, and name them. "Roses!" she would cry triumphantly, joyously, "beautiful roses," or "violets! How did you know I'd like violets today, daddy?" She never made a mistake.

One day John bought a strange-looking potted flower from a vendor, the name of which he did not himself know.

"It is a lily," Cecilia said after a long moment of silence during which her little fingers, like so many gently exploring butterflies, had traversed the long slender petals and leaves, "only not the kind we have at home."

It was, John ascertained, a rare species of lily.

Finally the great day arrived. Even the great moment was at hand. The doctor stood ready to remove the bandages. John paced the floor nervously. Miriam prayed and wept and laughed almost hysterically. Only little Cecilia was composed, seemed almost indifferent as to what the moment would bring.

"You must remember," the specialist had told them just inside the next room, "that I am not a miracle worker. It is possible that she will see. It is, by every law of science, even probable. But it is just as probable that she will not. There may not be sight at all behind those tissues I removed."

"Oh, she must see, she must!" John cried, "surely God answers prayers!"

"He will," Miriam consoled him, "We have prayed so fervently. And, John, *she* has prayed, too."

Deftly the nurse slit the bandage on either

side of the smiling, hopeful little face. The doctor lifted layer after layer, slowly, pausing after each one as he watched the baby face intently, to see the first sign that the light was penetrating.

He stopped when all but the last thin layer had been removed.

"Do you—does it seem any different, little one?" he asked the child, his own voice tremulous and unsteady.

"Oh, yes," Cecilia answered happily, "it seems light, light and—and cool to have my eyes uncovered."

At her word, "light" Miriam and John breathed a sigh of happy relief, a sigh that ended in a sob of utter heartbreak with the child's next words.

"Wait," the doctor said, "sometimes it takes a little while for the patient to become conscious of the light, especially a patient so young."

But John and Miriam knew! They knew their baby did not see—would never see.

It was a long time before John could feel resigned, before he could bring himself to say whole-heartedly, "Thy will be done."

But not so Miriam. She had heard the child's whispered prayer, "My Jesus, I'd rather You would love me more," and knew that that was the prayer He had answered.

(Watch THE GRAIL for another episode in the lives of little Cecilia and her parents)

*Pain in Our Joys*

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

There is a grief immixed in every joy,  
Grief, that at the precious instant we rejoice,  
Already it is fading from our lives.  
Oh I have known some poignant moments of delight:  
Expansive contacts of sweet comradeship;  
Heart-bursting showers of deep harmonies;  
Contentment at the thought of leisure after toil;  
Bright eagerness in good men's enthusiasms;  
Waves of grace so full of exaltations towards my God,  
That I had thought I ne'er could put my foot  
To earth again.  
Yet must it always be,  
Till all that cloy and mars my treasured hours  
I shall escape  
And wing me to that permanence eternal—  
Joy of heaven!

## The Editor's Page

# OF BEING N



HERE was once a man who did some long-range weather forecasting the like of which has never been equalled. It seems that this man had inside information on meteorological conditions which were about to be, and so certain was he about them that he immediately began preparations for the quite disastrous results which were to ensue.

What further distinguishes this noted prognosticator is that he was wholly unselfish with his knowledge. He never sought mere publicity; he did not copyright his utterances and sell them at high prices; he did in no way exploit the ignorance of those about him. Rather did he never cease, whilst making his own preparations, to urge the rest of mankind to come to a realization of the seriousness of what was about to happen, and join with him in escaping certain disaster.

Now the particular kind of weather which this person—who, by the way, (a thousand pardons!) bore the name of Noe—was forecasting was rain, and continued rain; no fair or merely cloudy days thrown in. Rain till all that was visible—including people—should be covered up, and so completely covered up with rain that they, the people, would eventually come to a premature end in the largest watery grave ever made. And this fate, Noe assured them, awaited all except those who should listen to his warning and who should take refuge

with him in the rather extraordinary boat which he was even then building according to the design given him by the Great Architect.

However, whatever sanguine expectations Noe may have entertained concerning the success of his mission, he was to meet the disillusionment which awaits every great or small savior of mankind. To a people busy with the affairs of a very real, workaday, permanent-looking world; a people enjoying good health, well-being, and, it seems, pretty wild recreations, the solemn words of Noe bidding them take serious stock of themselves and of the dangers that threatened them unless they should think and do differently—such words could be certain of anything but a hearty welcome. The reactions he met, in fact, included, among others, open apathy, cheap, sarcastic wit, persecution from even rather upright people, and, save the mark! harsh criticism of the very way he was doing his building.

History has, of course, in time done justice to this great episode. The rain did come and Noe's boat proved seaworthy in every respect and the last waves that lapped over the top of the last visible mountain stifled the despairing cries of those who had neglected or defied heaven-sent warnings.

What a marvelous thing history is, after all! We speak of it as repeating itself. It does, and with telling effect; because not only does it recount with constant fidelity things which men have done over and over



# GN EDITOR

again since the beginning of time, but also with each telling does it preach its solemn warnings to subsequent generations not to commit those follies for which their fathers suffered.

Yet to what avail? Each generation, looking back, proclaims those people fools who heeded not the warnings of the wise; then sets about committing age-old follies in modern fashion, despite the dire predictions of men who speak with the eternal wisdom of heaven.

Naturally our present age is no exception. The flood of heavenly indignation is overwhelming society because of its sins. All over the world people are floundering about in despair, seeking a boat designed to afford them safety and peace. The Ark of Noe is still afloat, redesigned though according to the New Model of Peter's Fishing Bark. And constantly does the commander of this boat call out to mankind to escape disaster by harkening to wisdom and leaving off from folly. Yet the wisdom of ages as usual is not thought of as wisdom now. Men continue to "buy and sell, to marry and give in marriage," and to scorn and neglect till misery, disaster, and doom finally overtake them and they perish.

But what has all this to do with being an editor? Well, dear reader, we have to admit that the little allegory we started out with somehow got away from us. We intended for this Catholic Press month to picture the frustrations of Noe's mission as paralleling the frustrations we meet in venturing humbly to aid the

Church—Peter's boat—and her pilot in saving mankind from the flood that daily threatens individuals and society.

Not that we intended to cry on anybody's shoulder. We don't even want sympathy. Our reward is only in doing greater good and in pleasing God for Whose Church we work. No Catholic editor has ever made any money. He sees constantly that he must interest men without being allowed to tickle their baser passions. Hence he wonders not that even Catholic families will spend as much as a dollar (count it up!) *a month* for papers and magazines that cater to the world, the flesh, and the devil, and refuse to spend one dollar *a year* for a magazine that earnestly seeks to aid in saving their lives for happiness in time and eternity; that people criticize his efforts, because, say they, his magazine is "not interesting" (meaning that it is not lurid and sensational and worldly); that even good people hinder the spread of a Catholic publication out of worldly-wise caution of being fleeced possibly by its agents. And, worse than all this, he must see in the generality of Catholics an apathy (a don't-care state of mind) towards Catholic literature that would stifle his initial enthusiasms and force him to cease trying, if he did not know that his work is a small but significant part of the divine mission of the Church to sow the good seed, what though only a tiny portion fall on fertile ground and bring forth fruit in abundance.

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

## Query Corner

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

The reading question, always timely, is very opportune just now. February happens to be also Catholic Press Month. A number of questions regarding forbidden literature have been submitted recently. To give as complete a view of the matter as possible, the entire column will be devoted to answering the various parts of these questions.

**What may a Catholic read? What may he not read? It seems that most Catholics have a vague idea about forbidden books.**

Literature and history, the arts and sciences are accessible to Catholics as well as non-Catholics. It is impossible even to indicate everything that Catholics may read. The best way to answer the first question is to answer the second at the same time. Catholics may not read books, pamphlets, periodicals, or anything else which is forbidden by the natural law of God or by the law of the Church. Now, what may Catholics read? Whatever is not forbidden by God and His Church.

**Is there any general rule by which Catholics can judge just what is forbidden?**

Yes. The Church is very explicit on this question.

1. The natural law of God, which binds Catholics and non-Catholics alike, forbids the reading of anything which is for the reader a proximate occasion of sin, that is, a serious danger to his faith or morals.

2. The law of the Church, which is mostly a clarification of the natural law of God, prohibits twelve classes of books. On account of limited space only a few of these can be quoted in full from the law:

"Books of any writers defending heresy or schism, or tending in any way to undermine the very foundations of religion."

"Books which avowedly attack religion and good morals."

"Books which professedly discuss, describe, or teach impure and obscene topics."

The other classes include non-Catholic version of Holy Scripture; books which impugn the doctrines, discipline and government of the Church; books which approve of divorce, duelling, suicide, Freemasonry and similar organizations, spiritism, superstition; finally, a number of Catholic books or pamphlets published without proper authorization.

**What is the "Index of forbidden books?"**

The title is self-explanatory. The Index is a catalog of books which, on account of particular circumstances, are forbidden by special decrees of the Church. This catalog is issued by the highest authority in the Church. Comparatively few of the books forbidden by law are listed in the Index, and of these few the majority are erroneous theological works.

**How can an ordinary layman know when a book is on the Index?**

In the first place a Catholic does not have to suppose that everything is on the Index. And on the other hand he should remember that many books and periodicals printed today, though not on the Index at all, are poisonous and filthy, and hence absolutely forbidden. But if the question does arise: Is a certain book actually on the Index? The best way to settle the difficulty is to consult a priest or someone informed on the matter. For further information, a short list of the indexed books most frequently met is printed in the booklet *The Roman Index of Forbidden Books* by Rev. F. Betten, S. J., published by B. Herder Co., St. Louis. Or, if desired, the complete Index can be obtained from the same publishing company.

**Are any of the following books on the Index: Ben Hur, Quo Vadis, Eternal City, The Bent Twig, The Talisman, Ninety Three, The Black Arrow?**

None of these are on the Index. But not all are to be recommended, for instance, *Ninety Three*. Two books written by the author of *Ninety Three* are on the Index.

**Are the literary works of Robert G. Ingersoll forbidden to Catholics?**

What portion of Ingersoll's writings are included in the term "literary works"? If "literary works" means his political speeches, they are as permissible as the speeches of other politicians. But if it means his anti-religious pamphlets, articles, and lectures (he wrote scarcely anything else), then it is clear that these are forbidden by the law of God and the Church as stated in question two. These writings are forbidden, not because Ingersoll was an atheist, but because they teach atheism, blaspheme God, and scoff at all religion. It is no more narrow-minded to prohibit poisonous writings of this type than it is to prevent the spread of poisonous germs in an epidemic. It is simply common sense.

**Is not the prohibition of certain books a violation of the liberty of Catholics?**

Liberty is a much abused term. There is no absolute liberty. Not even the most blatant freethinker is free to disregard any and every law, physical, psychological, or moral. True liberty is founded on truth. Christ expressed this very forcefully: "If you continue in my word, you shall be my disciples indeed. And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Christ entrusted this truth to His Church and commissioned her to preserve it. It is the Church's most sacred right and duty to safeguard this truth. The prohibition of writings subversive of doctrinal and moral truth is only an exercise of this God-given duty. Moreover if a state has the right to safeguard its citizens against destructive propaganda, so much the more has the Church, a divinely founded society, the right and duty to protect her members from the destructive influence of dangerous literature.

**Cannot an educated Catholic read such forbidden books without harm to his faith or morals?**

Examples are more powerful than arguments. One of America's most outspoken agnostics is a Catholic college graduate who read away his faith. Another Catholic, who enjoyed the reputation of a brilliant

(Turn to page 317)

## St. Michael Indian Mission

St. Michael, North Dakota  
December 3, 1934

Reverend Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.,  
Editor of the Grail,  
St. Meinrad, Indiana

Dear Father Hilary:

Your offer of a proposition to help the Mission is indeed welcome news. In time like these we are grateful for every consideration, even a kind word, or a prayer sent heavenwards in our behalf, is deeply appreciated. Many thanks! May God bless and reward you most abundantly. Old timers, with fifty years of experience in North Dakota, maintain that never in this last half century have they seen conditions more distressing and discouraging than at present. The continued droughts of recent years have almost converted this section of the country into a desert and the little that did manage to grow was promptly consumed by the grasshoppers. With no crops produced and all surplus used up, the condition is indeed critical.

It is estimated that approximately 750,000 head of cattle were shipped out of the State to prevent them from starving to death. Thousands of head, through lack of feed and water, were in such a weakened condition that it was an act of mercy simply to kill them. The Government has extended its program of sheep buying and nearly every day we see carloads of horses being shipped, both by train and by truck. It is no uncommon sight to see whole families with their meagre belongings seeking more hospitable environments elsewhere.

With empty barns, empty cellars, barren fields, and a long severe winter ahead, the outlook for the Missionary is anything but encouraging.

Because of the lack of feed, it was necessary for the Mission to slaughter and can the few cattle which it had. For the few milk cows that we are keeping we have nothing to feed except a little prairie hay and some straw. We are earnestly hoping that this little herd will be able to withstand the winter and, with the coming of spring and summer, will be a foundation for a future herd.

Under these conditions you can readily see how every donation, no matter how small, is sincerely appreciated and gratefully received. After all, it seems that these small donations, the so-called widows' mites, are especially



REVEREND AMBROSE MATTINGLEY O. S. B. WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE FOREST

Father Ambrose enjoys the distinction of having spent his entire Priestly life of forty-six years, in the service of the Sioux Indians of North and South Dakota. On account of advanced years and failing health, last July he was relieved of his duties at St. Michael's Mission and was assigned lighter duties at St. Paul's Mission, Marty, South Dakota. Many an interesting yarn and harrowing experience, with life and death itself, can Father Ambrose narrate, garnered from his experiences with the Indians.

blessed by Heaven and, somehow or other, multiply in the Missionary's hand.

Yours very gratefully,

Fr. Edward Berheide, O. S. B.

### A SOUTH DAKOTA DUST STORM

EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B.

A natural disturbance of the West about which the country at large knows little and hears less is the Dust Storm of South Dakota. These storms are probably little known due to the fact that they are not of frequent occurrence, nor of long duration, and do not cause any serious damages. However, to the traveler or visitor experiencing them for the first time they almost assume the proportions of a major natural phenomenon.

Due to the general flat lay of the prairies, unprotected by trees or other natural windbreaks, the wind sweeping down from the Northwest has undisputed sway. It comes, not in sudden gusts and strong blasts, but in the form of a steady gale, beginning after sunrise, gradually gaining velocity until it has reached the peak about midafternoon, and then gradually subsiding.

The soil of South Dakota is a deep, black loam without any admixture of clay or other binding material. In seasons of prolonged droughts it lies loose and fluffy, and appears like coal dust. Along comes the old nor'western,

(Turn to page 318)

### OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Edward Berheide, O. S. B., Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B., and Rev. Timothy Sexton, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight via Fort Totten, N. D.  
Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B., and Rev. Frank Hulsmann. Mail to St. Ann's Mission, Belcourt, N. D. Express and freight via Rolla, N. D.  
Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Balts, O. S. B. Mail to Immaculate Conception Mission, Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.  
Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Daniel Madlon, O. S. B. Mail to St. Paul's Mission, Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

# Latest Official List of Classified Pictures

## PREPARED BY THE CHICAGO LEGION OF DECENCY

## CLASS A

(In this group are included all the pictures that are suitable for family patronage)

## A

Age of Innocence, The—RKO  
Among the Missing—Columbia  
Anne of Green Gables—RKO  
Avalanche—Independent

## B

Babbitt—Warner Bros.  
Babes in Toyland—MGM  
Baby Take a Bow—Fox  
Bachelor of Arts—Fox  
Band Plays On, The—MGM  
Barretts of Wimpole Street, The—MGM  
Beloved—Universal  
Berkely Square—Fox  
Beyond Bengal—Independent  
Big Hearted Herbert—Warner Bros.  
Black Beauty—Monogram  
Border Menace—Abrams  
Borneo Beast—Independent  
Bottoms Up—Fox  
Brand of Hate, The—Superior  
Bright Eyes—Fox  
Broken Coin, The—Capitol  
Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back—U. Artists  
Burn 'Em-Up Barnes (serial)—Independent

## C

Cactus Kid—Superior  
Call of the Coyote—Abrams  
Caravan—Fox  
Cash—Independent  
Cat's Paw, The—Fox  
Cavalcade—Fox  
Change of Heart—Fox  
Charlie Chan in London—Fox  
Charlie Chan's Courage—Fox  
Chu Chin Chow—Gaugmont-British  
Cimarron—RKO  
Circus Clown—First National  
City Limits—Monogram  
College Rhythm—Paramount  
Condemned to Death—Independent  
Cornered—Columbia  
Count of Monte Christo—United Artists  
Cowboy Counselor—Independent  
Cowboy Holiday—Security  
Crimson Romance—Mascot

## D

David Harum—Fox  
Demon for Trouble—Independent  
Devil On Deck—Independent  
Devil's Canyon—Superior  
Dick Turpin—Gaugmont-British  
Die Taenzerin Von Sans Souci (The King's Dancer)—German  
Doomed to Die—Independent  
Dude Ranger—Independent

## E

Elmer and Elsie—Paramount  
Embarrassing Moments—Universal  
Emma—Independent  
Emperor Jones—United Artists  
End of the World, The—Crown Pictures  
Evergreen—Gaugmont-British  
Ever in My Heart—MGM  
Ever since Eve—Fox

## F

Father Brown, Detective—Paramount  
Feroocious Pal, The—Independent  
Fighting Hero, The—Independent  
Fighting Ranger, The—Columbia  
Fighting Through—Judell  
Fighting to Live—Independent  
Fighting Trooper, The—Judell  
First World War, The—Fox  
Five Bad Men—Superior

## G

Flirtation Walk—Warner Bros.  
Gentlemen Are Born—First National  
Ghost Train, The—Gaugmont-British  
Gift of Gab—Universal  
Girl O' My Dreams—Monogram  
Girl of the Limerlost, The—Monogram  
Girls (Maedchen) in Uniform—Independent  
Golden Goal, The—German-Tobis

Grand Old Girl—RKO  
Great Expectations—Universal  
Gridiron Flash—RKO

## H

Handy Andy—Fox  
Happiness Ahead—First National  
Happy Landing—Monogram  
Harold Teen—Warner  
Have a Heart—MGM  
Heart Song—Fox  
Hell and High Water—Paramount  
Hell Bent For Love—Columbia  
Hell Cat, The—Columbia  
Hell In the Heavens—Fox  
Hell on Earth—Capitol  
Hello Trouble—Columbia  
Her Strange Desire—Independent  
Here Is My Heart—Paramount  
His Greatest Gamble—RKO  
Home on the Range—Paramount  
Honor of the Range—Universal  
House of Danger—Security  
House of Rothschild, The—United Artists  
Housewife—Warner Bros.  
Human Side—Universal

## I

I Am So Beloved—German  
I Am Suzanne—Fox  
Ich Bin Ja Verliebt—German  
I Give My Love—Universal  
I'll Fix It—Columbia  
I'll Tell the World—Universal  
Imitation of Life—Universal  
In Love With Life—Invincible  
Inside Information—Capitol  
It's a Gift—Paramount

## J

Jack Ahoj—Gaugmont-British  
Jane Eyre—Monogram  
Jealousy—Columbia  
Jindra—Lloyd  
Judge Priest—Fox  
Jumbo Killer—Independent  
Jungle Killer—Independent

## K

Keep 'Em Rolling—RKO  
Kentucky Kernels—RKO  
Kid Millions—United Artists  
King Kelly of the U. S. A.—Monogram  
King's Daughter, The—German

## L

Lady for a Day—Columbia  
Langen Till Henne—Scandinavian  
Last Gentleman, The—United Artists  
Law of the Wild, The—Judell  
Lawless Valley—Independent  
Lemon Drop Kid, The—Paramount  
Liebe Muss Verstanden sein—German  
Life Of Our Saviour—Bland  
Life of Paul Camrby—Bohemian-Tobis  
Lightning Strikes Twice—RKO  
Little Minister, The—RKO  
Little Women—RKO  
Loser's End—Independent  
Lost in the Stratosphere—Monogram  
Lost Jungle—Independent  
Lost Lady, A—First National  
Lost Patrol, The—RKO  
Loudspeaker, The—Monogram  
Lovetime—Fox  
Lucky Texan—Independent

## M

Mad Age, The—Independent  
Maedchen (Girls) in Uniform—Independent  
Man from Hell, the (Western)—Independent  
Man from Monterey, The—Warner Bros.  
Man from Utah, The—Independent  
Manhattan Love Song—Monogram  
Man of Aran, The—Gaugmont-British  
Man's Game, A—Columbia  
Man Trailer, The—Columbia  
Man Who played God, The—Independent  
Man who Reclaimed His Head, The—Univ.  
Marie Galante—Fox  
Marines are Coming, The—Judell  
Maybeit's Love—Warner  
Meanest Gal in Town—RKO  
Mein Herz Sehnt Sich Nach Liebe—Tobis  
Melody in Spring—Paramount

Menace—Paramount  
Men of Tomorrow—United Artists  
Mighty Barnum, The—United Artists  
Miss Isa—Hungarian  
Money Means Nothing—Monogram  
Moonstone, The—Monogram  
Mother of the Company—German-Tobis  
Most Precious Thing in Life—Columbia  
Mr. Skitch—Fox  
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—Para.  
Murder in the Clouds—Warner Bros.  
Murder in the Private Car—MGM  
Music in the Air—Fox  
My Peoples' Dream—Palestine Film  
Mystery of Mr. X, The—MGM  
Mystery Ranch—Independent  
Mystery Squadron—Independent  
Mystery Woman—Fox

## N

Nevada Cyclone—Independent  
Nevada Squadron—Independent  
Night Alarm—Independent  
Night of the Garter—Independent  
No Greater Glory—Columbia  
Now and Forever—Paramount

## O

Oil Raider, The—Independent  
Old-Fashioned Way—Paramount  
One is Guilty—Columbia  
One Night of Love—Columbia  
Operator 13—MGM  
Orders in Orders—Gaugmont-British  
Our Daily Bread—United Artists  
Over Night—United Artists

## P

Palace on Wheels—Polish  
Pals of the West—Independent  
Paradise Valley—Capitol  
Peck's Bad Boy—Fox  
Phantom Express—Independent  
Poor Rich, The—Universal  
Prescott Kid, The—Columbia  
President Vanishes, The—Paramount  
Prince of Wales—Independent

## Q

Quitter, The—Chesterfield

## R

Randy Rides Alone—Security  
Red Rider, The—Independent  
Return of Chandu, The—Capitol  
Ridin' Gents—Independent  
Rocky Rhodes—Universal  
Romance in Manhattan—RKO  
Romance in the Rain—Universal

## S

St. Anthony of Padua—Integrity  
Secret Bride—Warner  
Secret of the Blue Room—Universal  
Servants' Entrance—Fox  
She Had to Choose—Judell  
She Learned About Sailors—Fox  
She Was A Lady—Fox  
Shock—Monogram  
Show-Off, The—MGM  
Silver Bullet, The—Independent  
Silver Streak, The—RKO  
Six Day Bike Rider—First National  
Six of a Kind—Paramount  
Smoking Guns—Independent  
Son of Oklahoma—Independent  
Sorrell and Son—United Artists  
Speed Wings—Independent  
Square Shooter—Independent  
Star Fucker, The—Independent  
Stolen Sweets—Chesterfield  
Straightaway—Columbia  
Strange Wives—Universal  
Strawberry Roan—Independent  
Student Tour—MGM  
Successful Failure—Security  
Sweet Adeline—Warner Bros.

## T

Tailpin Tommy—Universal  
Telegraph Trail—Warner Bros.  
That's a Good Girl—United Artists  
That's Gratitude—Columbia  
Thirty Day Princess—Paramount  
Three Songs of Lenin—Aminko  
365 Nights in Hollywood—Fox



Through the Centuries—Independent  
 Thundering Herd—Paramount  
 Thunder Over Texas—Security  
 Tombstone Canyon—Independent  
 Tombstone Terror—Capitol  
 Tomorrow's Youth—Security  
 Tonto Kid, The—Capitol  
 Trail Beyond—Security  
 Traum Von Schoenbrum—German  
 Treasure Island—MGM

V  
 Vanishing Shadow—Universal  
 Venetian Nights—United Artists  
 Very Honorable Guy, A—First National  
 Voice In The Night—Columbia

W  
 Wagon Wheels—Paramount  
 Wake Up and Dream—Universal  
 War's End—Independent  
 We're Rich Again—RKO  
 Westerner, The—Columbia  
 Western Racketeers—Independent  
 What Every Woman Knows—MGM  
 Wheels of Destiny—Universal  
 When a Man Sees Red—Universal  
 When Lightning Strikes—Security  
 White Eagle—Polish  
 White Parade, The—Fox  
 White Sister—MGM  
 Whom the Gods Destroy—Columbia  
 Wicked Woman, A—MGM  
 Wiener Blut (Viennese Blood)—Independent  
 Wild Cargo—RKO  
 Witching Hour, The—Paramount  
 World in Revolt—Mentone

Y  
 You Belong to Me—Paramount  
 Young and Beautiful—Mascot  
 Young Eagles—Independent  
 You're Telling Me—Paramount

Z  
 Zu Befehl Herr Unteroffizier—German

#### CLASS B

(Pictures in this group may be considered offensive because they are suggestive in spots, vulgar, sophisticated or lacking in modesty, but although they are unsuitable for either children or adolescents they are not forbidden for adults.)

A  
 Ace of Aces—RKO  
 Adventure Girl—RKO  
 Against the Law—Columbia  
 Aggie Appleby—RKO  
 All Men Are Enemies—Fox  
 All Quiet on the Western Front—Universal  
 Alone Came Sally—Gaumont-British  
 As the Earth Turns—Warner

B  
 Bachelor Bait—RKO  
 Bedside—First National  
 Before Morning—Independent (Greenblatt)  
 Beggars in Ermine—Monogram  
 Behold my Wife—Paramount  
 Belle of the Nineties—Paramount  
 Beyond the Law—Columbia  
 Biography of a Bachelor Girl—Metro  
 Black Cat, The—Universal  
 Black Moon—Columbia  
 Blind Date—Columbia  
 Blue Danube, The—Independent  
 Bordertown—Warner  
 Bowery, The—United Artists  
 British Agent—First National  
 Broadway Bill—Columbia  
 Broadway Through a Keyhole—United Art.  
 By Your Leave—RKO

C  
 Call It Luck—Fox  
 Captain Hates the Sea, The—Columbia  
 Case of the Howling Dog, The—Warner Bros.  
 Cat and the Fiddle, The—MGM  
 Chained—MGM  
 Cannel Crossing—Gaumont  
 Cheating Cheaters—Universal  
 Church Mouse—Warner Bros.  
 City Park—Chesterfield  
 Cleopatra—Paramount  
 Cockeyed Cavaliers—RKO  
 Come on Marines—Paramount  
 Congress Dances—United Artists  
 Constant Nymph, The—Fox  
 Constant Woman, The—Independent  
 Countess of Monte Cristo—Universal  
 Courage of the North—Independent  
 Crime Doctor, The—RKO  
 Crime of Helen Stanley, The—Columbia  
 Crime Without Passion—Paramount

Crosby Case, The—Universal  
 Cross Streets—Independent  
 Curtain Falls, The—Judell

D  
 Dames—Warner Bros.  
 Dance, Girl, Dance—Independent  
 Dancing Lady—MGM  
 Dangerous Corners—RKO  
 Das Schoene Adventure (The Beautiful Adventure)—German  
 Death on the Diamond—MGM  
 Defense Rests, The—Columbia  
 Desirable—Warner Bros.  
 Devil's Brother, The—MGM  
 Doctor Bull—Fox  
 Double Door—Paramount  
 Down to Their Last Yacht—RKO  
 Dragon Murder Case, The—First National

E  
 Elinor Norton—Fox  
 Enter Madame—Paramount  
 Evelyn Prentice—MGM

F  
 Faithful Heart, The—Independent  
 Fifteen Wives—Invincible  
 Fighting For Love—Independent  
 Fighting Rookie, The—Mayfair  
 Flesh—MGM  
 Flirting With Danger—Security  
 Flying Down to Rio—RKO  
 Footlight Parade—Warner Bros.  
 Forsaking All Others—MGM  
 Fountain, The—RKO  
 Friday the Thirteenth—Gaumont British  
 Friends of Mr. Sweeney—Warner  
 Fugitive Lady—Columbia  
 Fugitive Road—Invincible

G  
 Gallant Lady—United Artists  
 Gambling—Fox  
 Gambling Lady—Warner Bros.  
 Gay Divorcee, The—RKO  
 George White's Scandals—Fox  
 Girl in Danger—Columbia  
 Girl Without A Room—Paramount  
 Going Hollywood—MGM  
 Grand Canary—Fox  
 Great Flirtation, The—Paramount  
 Green Eyes—Independent  
 Gridiron Flashes—Independent  
 Guns for Hire—Independent

H  
 Half a Sinner—Universal  
 Here Comes the Groom—Paramount  
 Here Comes the Navy—Warner Bros.  
 Hide-Out—MGM  
 Hollywood Hoodlum—Independent  
 Hollywood Party—MGM  
 Honorable Thief, The—Gaumont-British  
 House of Mystery—Monogram  
 House on 56th Street—Warner Bros.

I  
 I Am a Thief—Warner Bros.  
 I Believed in You—Fox  
 I Can't Escape—Security  
 I Hate Women—Goldsmith  
 If I Had a Million—Paramount  
 I Sell Anything—First National  
 It Happened One Night—Columbia  
 I've Got Your Number—Warner

J  
 Just For a Song—Independent

K  
 Kansas City Princess—Warner Bros.  
 Kara Slaken—Swedish  
 Key, The—Warner

L  
 Ladies Should Listen—Paramount  
 Lady By Choice—Columbia  
 Lady Is Willing, The—Columbia  
 Laughing At Life—Independent  
 Let's Talk It Over—Universal  
 Let's Try Again—RKO  
 Line-Up, The—Columbia  
 Little Friend—Gaumont-British  
 Little Miss Marker—Paramount  
 Looking for Trouble—United Artists  
 Love Captive, The—Universal  
 Lottery Lover, The—Fox  
 Lover from Vienna, The—German-Tobis  
 Loyalties—Harold Auten

M  
 Man They Couldn't Arrest—British  
 Man With Two Faces, The—First National  
 Many Happy Returns—Paramount  
 Massacre—First National  
 Merry Frinks, The—First National

Merry Widow—MGM  
 Midnight Abili—First National  
 Midnight Mary—MGM  
 Million Dollar Ransom—Universal  
 Monte Carlo Nights—Monogram  
 Morning Glory—RKO  
 Murder at the Vanities—Paramount  
 Murder in Trinidad—Fox  
 Murder on the Blackboard—RKO

N  
 Name the Woman—Columbia  
 Ninth Guest, The—Columbia  
 None So Blind—Independent  
 No Other Woman—Independent  
 No Ransom—Judell  
 Notorious Sophie Lang, The—Paramount  
 Now I'll Tell—Fox

O  
 Once to Every Bachelor—Judell  
 Once to Every Woman—Columbia  
 One Exciting Adventure—Universal  
 One Hour Late—Paramount  
 One in a Million—Capitol  
 Outcast Lady—MGM

P  
 Painted Veil, The—MGM  
 Paris Interlude—MGM  
 Party's Over, The—Columbia  
 Penal Code, The—Independent  
 Personality Kid, The—Warner Bros.  
 Power—Gaumont-British  
 Private Life of Don Juan, The—United Art.  
 Private Scandal—Paramount  
 Pursued—Fox  
 Pursuit of Happiness—Paramount

R  
 Rafter Romance—RKO  
 Rawhide Mail—Independent  
 Ready for Love—Paramount  
 Red Head—Monogram  
 Red Morning—RKO  
 Return of the Terror—First National  
 Richest Girl in the World—RKO  
 Romance of Ida, The—Tobis  
 Ronny—Tobis

S  
 St. Louis Kid, The—Warner Bros.  
 Scarlet Letter, The—Majestic-Independent  
 Secret of the Chateau—Universal  
 She Loves Me Not—Paramount  
 Shoot the Works—Paramount  
 Sing and Like It—RKO  
 Song You Gave Me, The—Columbia  
 Stamboul Quest—MGM  
 Stand Up and Cheer—Fox  
 Stingaree—RKO  
 Straight Is the Way—MGM  
 Strictly Dynamite—RKO

T  
 Take the Stand—Liberty  
 Tarzan and His Mate—MGM  
 Terror of the Plains—Superior  
 Their Big Moment—RKO  
 There's Always Tomorrow—Universal  
 Thin Man, The—MGM  
 This Man is Mine—RKO  
 Three on a Honeymoon—Fox  
 Toreh Singer—Paramount  
 Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round—United Art.  
 Twentieth Century—Columbia  
 Twenty Million Sweethearts—First National  
 20,000 Years in Sing-Sing—Warner  
 Twin Husbands—Invincible

U  
 Undercover Man—Paramount  
 Uptown New York—Independent

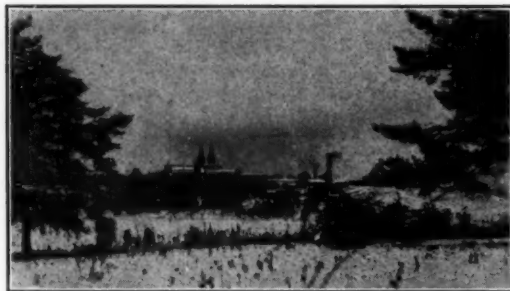
V  
 Vampire—Independent  
 Viva Villa—MGM

W  
 Walls of Gold—Fox  
 Way of the West—Capitol  
 We're Not Dressing—Paramount  
 Wednesday's Child—RKO  
 We Live Again—United Artists  
 When Ladies Meet—MGM  
 When Strangers Meet—Liberty  
 Where Sinners Meet—RKO  
 Whirlpool—Columbia  
 White Lies—Columbia  
 Within the Rock—Judell  
 Woman in Command—Gaumont  
 Woman in the Dark—RKO  
 Woman Unafraid—Independent  
 World Moves On, The—Fox

Y  
 You Made Me Love You—Independent  
 (Turn to page 317)

## Echoes

from



## Our Abbey and Seminary

The Rev. Victor End, Seminary '91-'92, pastor of Fordyce in the diocese of Omaha since 1913, died of cancer at Jonesboro, Ark., on Dec. 13. Father End, who was born in Switzerland on Sept. 2, 1869, was ordained April 4, 1895. He is survived by two sisters who are religious: the one at Jonesboro and the other at Hot Springs, Ark. The funeral was held at Fordyce.

Mrs. Emilie Weber, three of whose five priestly sons studied at St. Meinrad's Seminary, passed to her reward in the hospital at McCook, Nebraska, December 2. The deceased was in her eighty-third year. One priestly son, who was pastor in Germany, died in 1912; another, who is a member of the society of the Divine Word, is in the mission field of Argentina.

On December 8 occurred the first anniversary of the death of good Bishop Chartrand. As the day of his death fell on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the anniversary was anticipated with a solemn Mass of Requiem in the Abbey church. The students of both Major and Minor Seminaries likewise had Masses celebrated in their respective chapels.

December was filled with the thought of Christmas and holidays. The vacation began on the morning of December 21 and continued to January 7. On the evening of December 20 the students of the Major Seminary entertained with a Christmas program.

From outside parishes there were many calls for help. Twenty priests of the community were sent out in answer to these requests.

Owing to the absence of Father Abbot, who is still in Europe, we did not have Pontifical High Mass on Christmas. Otherwise the celebration of the great feast passed off as usual. At 1:30 A. M. angelic voices sang the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" in the hallways. Matins began at two o'clock. The first Solemn High Mass was celebrated shortly after three by Father Subprior Placidus, who was also celebrant of solemn Lauds immediately after the Mass. At 7 A. M. Father Gerald celebrated the Solemn Mass "in Aurora"—at dawn, while the third Solemn Mass was celebrated by Father Prior at 9:45.

Brothers January Huber and Philip Ketterer, who came from Baden, Germany, many years ago, passed the sixtieth anniversary of their religious profession on December 24. The celebration of their diamond jubilee took place during Solemn Conventual High Mass in the Abbey church January 2. After the Offertory of the

Mass, each jubilarian renewed the vows he had made in 1872. The Mass was followed by Benediction and the hymn "God of Might."—Both jubilarians have given long and faithful service. Both spent a number of years on the Dakota missions among the Sioux Indians. After returning to the Abbey, Bro. January had charge of the poultry, mended leaking pots and pans, repaired tin roofs, and proved useful in various other ways. For the greater part of forty years Bro. Philip was chief cook in the Abbey kitchen, where he prepared the meals for the student body as well as for the community during these many years. Relieved of arduous labors, the jubilarians are now both at Aurora, Ill. Bro. January is gardener at Marmion and Bro. Philip is sacristan.

Father Dunstan McAndrews accompanied the Brothers from Marmion to the Abbey and remained with us during the holidays working on his thesis for a degree at DePaul University, Chicago. Fathers Ildephonse Kreidler, Maurus Ohligslager, and Urban Knapp drove down from Marmion on Dec. 30 and remained until after the jubilee, when they returned to Marmion. Father Alfred Baltz was called to Nashville by the illness of his father. On the return trip to Marmion he spent two days in our midst.

Father Subprior Placidus Kempf attended the convention of the Library Association and Father Gabriel Verkamp that of the philosophers. Both conventions were held in Chicago at the De Paul University Christmas week.

Father Abbot, who will soon sail from Europe for the western hemisphere, has written some interesting accounts of his flight from Munich to Venice and from the limpid streets of the gondola city to Rome, where he spent eleven days. Going north by train, he visited Lourdes, spent a week at Solesmes, France, to listen to the rendition of the chant, and went on to Maria Laach Abbey for Christmas. After a brief visit in the Belgian abbeys, he will return to America. He will probably be at St. Meinrad again by the end of January or the beginning of February.

By way of variety, several short plays in Latin were enacted in the class room before Christmas. A good bit of enthusiasm was shown by the students.

Father Subprior represented the Abbey at the funeral of the Rt. Rev. Edmond Obrecht, Abbot of Gethsemani Abbey, Jan. 8.

## Benedictine Notes

Dom Wilfrid Baines, O. S. B., a monk of Ampleforth Abbey in England, was found dead on his knees, November 28. He had knelt down to say his night prayers, and death overtook him in an attitude of prayer. The deceased, who passed away on his 74th birthday, was born in 1860. At the age of twenty-two he made his religious profession and was ordained in 1869.

Father Pius Conrad, O. S. B., the last of five brothers in the priesthood, of whom four were Benedictines and one a Capuchin, passed to his eternal reward on December 29. Father Pius was born March 5, 1848, in Switzerland; on January 1, 1875 he made his religious profession at Conception, Mo., where his eldest brother, the later Abbot Frowin, had laid the foundations of a Benedictine community which became an Abbey in 1881. Being one of the first group to be professed at Conception, Father Pius was the first of the new community to receive ordination, which was conferred on him by the late Bishop Hogan, July 19, 1876. Abbot Ignatius Conrad, of Subiaco, who died March 19, 1926, and Father John Conrad of Conception, who died March 1, 1920, were both brothers of the deceased. The fifth brother, who became a Capuchin in Switzerland, did not come to America. Death overtook Father Pius three days before the sixtieth anniversary of his religious profession.

Father Bede Horsak, O. S. B., J. C. D., a monk of St. Joseph's Abbey in Louisiana, died at the Hotel Dieu, New Orleans, November 28, 1934. The deceased who was born May 1, 1883, entered St. Joseph's Abbey, where he was professed August 15, 1902. Nearly four years later, June 29, 1907, he was ordained to the priesthood. Father Bede was a talented man. After teaching a number of years in the Abbey school, he attended the Benedictine College in Rome, and there won the doctorate in Canon Law. At the time that death overtook him, he was teaching in the major seminary at the Abbey.

The Abbot General of the Cistercian Order of the Common Observance, the Rt. Rev. Francis Jannssens, S. O. Cist., is on American soil visiting monasteries of his Order: one in Canada and one in the United States. A third monastery will be founded at Paulding, Miss., in the diocese of Natches. The distinguished visitor is a nephew of the late Archbishop Jannssens of New Orleans.

The Mt. Angel Teachers' Training College, which had been given recognition by the State Board of Education of Oregon, has now received recognition also from the neighboring State of Washington.

While the chronicler was preparing these notes, word came of the death of the Rt. Rev. Edmond M. Obrecht, O. C. S. O., Abbot of the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani in the neighboring State of Kentucky. Abbot Obrecht, a native of Alsace, who had begun life as a military man in Europe many years ago, exchanged nearly sixty years ago the trappings of war for the

armor of God under the banner of St. Benedict in the Cistercian Order of the strict observance. For more than thirty-six years he ruled as Abbot of Gethsemani. Known far and wide and highly esteemed by his Order in Europe, Abbot Obrecht made many trips across the Atlantic in the capacity of Visitor of Abbeys beyond the seas in Europe, in Africa, in China, in Japan. Many prelates, priests, and religious gathered to pay their last respects to the venerable prelate, whose remains were laid to rest among his brethren in the abbey cemetery. His Eminence Dennis Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, an intimate friend of the deceased, was celebrant at the Pontifical Requiem. Abbot Obrecht was in his eighty-second year and the fifty-sixth of his ordination.

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### Notice to Subscribers:

**Effective January 1, 1935.** Due to the small margin on which our magazine is now published since the price has been reduced to \$1.00 the year, no acknowledgments for renewals will be made. Please take notice of key in back of your address on Grail. If it reads **2 36**, it indicates that your subscription is paid till February 1936 inclusive. If it reads **1 35** it means that your subscription expired with the January Grail 1935. We kindly appeal to your sincere cooperation by mailing us your renewal as soon as your subscription expires. This will enable us to continue mailing you *The Grail* at this reduced price of \$1.00. Many thanks.

THE GRAIL.

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### *The Blasphemer Punished*

Man's utter dependence on God is something too easily overlooked. The spirit of Job, "the Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken," if not practiced voluntarily, can easily be forced upon us by the Almighty. A few years ago, a farmer in the Middle West stood admiring his wonderful stand of clover. It was a remarkable crop and the time had come to reap it. The smile of satisfaction on his face suddenly changed to one of apprehension as his eyes crossed the lowering sky and met the threatening clouds in the West. A hard rain would certainly ruin the crop. Forgetting himself, the angry farmer shook his fist at the heavens: "D—n you, if you won't let me have it, I won't let you have it either." And with this he struck a match and set fire to the clover. Eyewitnesses say that a hard downpour of rain drenched the section for miles around, but not a drop of rain fell upon that farmer's burnt field.—J. P.

## Children's Corner

*Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,  
Ferdinand, Indiana*

### *When Little Sacrifices Where Mighty*

Cecilia, who was sitting at Paul's bedside, had just finished telling him a story, when fun-loving Joe and Mary, dressed in coats, hats, rubbers, and gloves, entered. "We're going outside to play with our new sled, but we'll stay by your window so you can watch us," the two smiling "live-wires" told their sick little brother. A flash of disappointment crossed Paul's face at these words for he had been in bed with pneumonia since before Christmas and had not yet had a chance to try out the new sled himself. However, he would not let Joe and Mary know how he felt, so he smiled bravely, said he was glad they were going to play by his window, and that he surely hoped they would have a good time. Cecilia, knowing that Paul would enjoy watching Joe and Mary, told him she would help Mother prepare supper. "Rap, rap, rap," sounded on the window, and, sure enough, there were the smiling faces of Mary and Joe. Between rides they would come to the window to see if Paul was watching. He surely was and became so interested in their fun that he forgot to keep covered warmly. That night he felt much worse than he had for several days and by the next evening he was again dangerously ill.

The doctor was called and pronounced Paul in a very serious condition. He forbade any one to enter the room except Paul's parents and nurse. Even the former were advised not to remain long at a time.

When Cecilia, Joe, and Mary heard this they were very sad. The new sled held no more charms for them, their games seemed dry and uninteresting; they could think of hardly anything but little Paul. Several days passed and the little patient grew worse. At last the blow came when the doctor said in a low, serious tone, "I see no chance for him; he will probably not live till morning."

The little trio went in to take another look at their little brother but were permitted to stay only a minute. All three were crying but as

they reached the bed and bent over to see their "fading blossom" Mary cried as if her heart would break. Paul, hearing his little sister, turned so he could see her. At once the three were taken from the room. They could hardly see their way on account of the tears; but when they reached the front room they fell on their knees at the foot of the crucifix and between their sobs, told Jesus of their great sorrow. Mary thought of the many times her little brother had teased her, for that seemed to be his favorite sport, and of how she had often quarreled with him. Oh, if he would only get better she would never treat him like that again. She promised Jesus that if He would make Paul well again she would give that beautiful doll she had received at Christmas to one of the little orphans in the near-by asylum.

At the same time Joe was thinking of the many times he had not let Paul use the ball, the skates, the wagon, and many of the other toys that they owned in partnership. He wished he could have another chance, how differently he would act! "Dear Jesus," he whispered, "if You will make Paul well again I will give him that nice watch I got at Christmas for his birthday."

Cecilia, too, was doing her share of thinking. How many times Mother or Dad had given her the candy to pass around and just as Paul would put his little hand into the sack to get a big fistful she would hold her hand tightly around the bottom so that he couldn't get much. If he could only eat candy now! She would gladly give him the whole box she got from her god-mother yesterday. She then promised Jesus that if Paul would get well she would give the whole box of candy to her little brother and sister.

Before very long Mary's head sank down on the back of the chair. She had cried herself to sleep. Cecilia then realized that it was time for all three of them to go to bed, and as she didn't want to bother her mother, she and Joe managed to carry Mary to bed and they, too, were soon off to slumberland.



When Joe awoke in the morning he felt sure that his little brother was still living as everything was so quiet downstairs. He immediately ran down to reassure himself and, sure enough, Jesus had not disdained their little sacrifices. Their mother told him that after midnight Paul's breathing became easier and his heart started to beat more calmly. Joe waited at the foot of the stairs to tell Mary and Cecilia as soon as they would come down. "Yes," their mother told them, as all three children were rejoicing at the good news, "the danger is past," and her words proved true for in a few more days Paul could again watch the games from his window and in due time joined his happy sisters and brother.

Cecilia, Joe, and Mary had learned the lesson that some favors that can not be obtained by prayer alone can be won by adding little sacrifices.

### *Orphan Bessie*

It was a bright, crispy day in winter. All the children except Bessie were outside playing in the deep snow. Snow men and snow balls, sleighing and skating showed that the children were making the most of the winter sports.

Bessie was a little girl ten years of age. Her mother and father had died several years ago, leaving her with her aunt, a rather unkind woman. Bessie had poor health because she was not given proper food. Often nothing was given her for her meal except some dry bread.

Bessie was baptized a Catholic when a little baby, but she did not get a Catholic education. Although Father White had come many times to talk to her aunt, the latter refused to let Bessie go to a Catholic school.

On this particular day, Father White came again to talk to Bessie's aunt. He insisted that the aunt bring Bessie to him. When the little girl was asked her wish in the matter, she at once answered, "Oh, Father, I'd like so much to go to the Sisters' school." Her pleading tone must have touched her aunt, for the very next day Bessie was sent to the Catholic school.

Sister Mary Irene was Bessie's teacher. She was a kind nun, who, like Our Lord, loved poor children. No one in the classroom was as poor as Bessie. She did not have pretty dresses as

the other girls had; instead, she had to wear old and torn clothes, the same on Sunday as on week days. Some of the other pupils made fun of her for they were dressed in pretty attire on Sunday. Bessie, however, worked very hard in school and was soon at the head of the class. She pleased Father White especially by her application to the study of catechism.

It was in the late spring when Bessie's aunt became very sick. Father White was called and he administered Extreme Unction. A few hours later the woman passed away quietly. Before her last hours she had begged pardon of Bessie for the harsh treatment she had inflicted on her.

Bessie had no one to care for her now, so she was taken to a Catholic orphanage. Here she found many other little girls who, like herself, had no one except the good Sisters to provide for them. She now had many more friends, and wore dresses like the rest. Best of all, she here received a Catholic education.

When Bessie had reached the age of sixteen, she decided to spend her life in caring for orphans. Wishing to become a Sister, she asked to join the good nuns who had cared for her so long. In memory of her first teacher, she asked for, and received the name of Sister Mary Irene.

### *Wise and Otherwise*

#### MONKS

The Monks were very busy people. Some made the garments for them to wear, some worked in the gardens. Some worked in the field. Some made the wine. Some worked in the kitchen. Some worked in other places in the house. Some tiled the soil. And when this work was finished they spent the rest of their time in praying and reading. And at last they didn't hear any more about the Monks. And some people think that was the end of the Monks. But it wasn't. For we still have Monks.

### *A Valentine*

My Mama said that I should show  
Dear Jesus, that I love you so;  
Please take this little heart of mine,  
To be your living Valentine.

## Father Abbot in Europe

St. Bonifacius Kloster  
Karlstrasse, No. 34,  
Munich, Bavaria, Germany

Dear Confreres,

It seems so long since last I wrote. It was about November 2. Since then there has been no opportunity for writing a long letter such as this should be. Before leaving Beuron I witnessed not only the Solemn Profession of a cleric, but also the investing of four Brother Candidates. In this latter ceremony the "Mandatum" or washing of the feet was carried out as far as Maundy Thursday. Not only the Abbot, but the other members of the Community present also kissed the feet of the Brother Candidates. On November 4, a Sunday, a long train brought 1400 pilgrims to Beuron Abbey. They were all men. I saw them march from the depot to the Abbey. It looked like a whole army.—Monday, November 5, early in the morning, Abbot Raphael made an auto trip to Switzerland. He took me along as far as Ludwigshafen on the Bodensee. There I met a parish priest who in Engelberg had arranged to make an autotrip with me in his little "Opel" car. First we stopped at Pirnau, a beautiful old pilgrimage church on the Bodensee. This is again in charge of the Cistercians, who formerly flourished here, but were expelled with other religious in 1804. On the way to Pirnau we passed through a village where the wine is so noted for its sourness that neighbors jest about it. They say that each night at one o'clock the church bell is rung so that all persons in that village can turn over in their beds. This prevents the wine from eating a hole in the stomach.—After Pirnau we visited the famed old Cistercian Abbey at Salem. This was a worthwhile visit. Salem was originally built in 1300. It grew to be a great old Abbey with a marvelous church. Then it met the fate of the other Abbeys that Napoleon parceled out to his friends. At present it is owned by the widow of Prince Max. She and her son and son's family live in one wing of the Abbey now. The rest of the Abbey is used as a school that is not doing so well. It used to be a school for the rich children that loved sport and little study. Now the attendance is so low that the existence of the school is threatened. The old Abbey refectory is used as an Evangelical church. But the grandest thing in Salem is the old Abbey Church. There are 27 altars and all of alabaster. The most exquisite sculptures I ever saw. There are larger than life-size statues and intricate little medallions, all of alabaster. The wood-carved choir stalls are too beautiful to be so idle. The large organ over the entrance of the church has among its adornments two coca palm trees, with little angels climbing up the tree trunks. The church is used as a Catholic parish church.—Now we move by ferry over the Bodensee into Constance and then by auto into Switzerland to the little Island of Werd on which Archbishop Raymond Netzhammer lives. After dinner the Archbishop and the Einsiedeln Father

in charge of Freudenfels go with us over the Bodensee to the German side, to visit Reichenau. This used to be an island. But a fill has been built for a highway that now connects Reichenau with the mainland on the north side of the Bodensee. The original Abbey where St. Meinrad lived no longer exists. But parts of two old churches remain in the two much modified churches. And most likely St. Meinrad visited in these often. The Reichenau island is about six miles long and two miles wide. The old Abbey used to stand in about the middle of this island. With my ring I touched one of the venerable old stone church columns on which doubtless the shadow of St. Meinrad's body fell when he passed by.

In the evening Fr. Ginther took me alone to Weingarten, while the other companions went home on the train. Abbot Conrad was most hospitable. I remained from this Monday eve till the following Thursday morning, whilst Fr. Ginther went right back home after supper. One of the treasures of Weingarten is a relic of the Precious Blood. This is kept below the altar stone of the High Altar in such a way that it can be seen through the glass front of the altar. Once each year this Relic is carried in Procession. It is a horseback Procession. This past year over a thousand came from miles around on horseback to take part in this procession. The priest that carries the Relic also rides on horseback.

The Weingarten church is immense. It is a little more than 300 feet long. The frescoes on the ceiling are about 200 years old, but look as fresh as though they had just been finished. Most edifying pictures of the Blessed Virgin and St. Benedict are shown. In the church there is a large framed painting of St. Benedict that I enjoyed very much. St. Benedict in vision sees the Blessed Virgin. In his ecstasy he lets go his crozier. However, a pious little angel holds it to prevent it from falling. Another angel, less pious, is turning a hand-spring on the top of the crozier. Behind St. Benedict a third angel is wearing the miter. One more angel is flying across the top of the picture to come and share the fun. In passing, he looks with edified mien at the face of St. Benedict all aglow with love for the Blessed Mother. The choir stalls are old but richly carved and adorned with inlaid work. Weingarten has one of the largest organs in Europe. The builder had 12 men to help him and together they worked 13 years, completing the work in 1750. The Brothers of the Abbey supplied the wood work. The organ is still in good shape. There are 7044 pipes, 52 bells, cuckoo, nightingale, and a flageolet stop that controls a set of pipes made out of ivory.—Weingarten Abbey and Church are on a high eminence right at the edge of the little city. The church was constantly used as a parish church even though the Abbey was confiscated in the early part of the 19th Century. For a time it was used as a summer residence by the King of

Wuerttemberg. Then for many years as a garrison for soldiers. For a few years it lay idle, till about 12 years ago Beuron aided the Benedictine Monks from Erdington Abbey to occupy it as a Benedictine Abbey. The government still "owns" the place, but rents it to the Benedictines. You ought to see the wide corridors and stairways. They are about 15 feet and 12 feet respectively. Two autos could meet in the corridors without any serious difficulty. In fact, these corridors are wider than many of the streets in the small European villages. Father Lambert Nolle, who has written for *The Grail*, is a member of the Abbey. He originally belonged to Beuron. Then was sent to Erdington Abbey, and now is at Weingarten.—The Rector of the Abbey School invited me to give the students a talk. They wanted to hear something about Indians. I told them about Indians, all in German.

At 5:15 Thursday morning, November 8, I left Weingarten by tram and train to Ravensburg, Ulm, Stuttgart, Bruchsal, Karlsruhe, Strasbourg. There were transfers to be made at Ravensburg and Bruchsal. Arrived at Strasbourg at 1:00 p. m. Thursday. A friend met me at the depot to show me where the Bishop lived. After making an appointment for ten next morning with the Bishop, we went to view the Strasbourg Muenster. Next morning I paid respects to the Bishop and also obtained permission from him for the Pontifical Mass in Artolsheim. He gladly granted permission but informed me that since I was a foreigner, it would also be necessary to obtain permission from the "Minister des Cults." This gentleman had his office in Strasbourg, so it was not hard to approach him. He was very gracious and willing. The next days were spent with relatives in Beufeld and Artolsheim, towns in Unter Elsass. The Pastor at Artolsheim was most kind to me. He gave me as much time and as many auto trips as possible. Relatives at Beufeld also took me to many places in their auto. It was interesting to find that Elsass had formerly been so Benedictine. There were many monasteries there, and of course also places of pilgrimage. Marmoutier is no longer a mere name to me. How pleasing it was to discover that this old Benedictine Abbey that dates from the sixth century was only about 50 miles northwest of the birthplace of my good Father. Here is where St. Maurus restored the Abbey previously established by Irish Monks, companions of St. Columbanus. Hence the name "Maurusmuenster" or "Marmoutier." The present church contains three styles of architecture. The beautiful choir stalls were completed just a few years before the monks were expelled in 1804. Much of the Monastery still stands but it is used for dwellings and stables and other purposes. We went into one family dwelling to find that the good couple had as their bedroom a vaulted section of what was formerly perhaps a chapter room, library, or dining room of the Abbey. The large rooms were partitioned to suit family purposes. Other old Benedictine Abbeys visited were, Murbach, Neuweiler, Altorf, Guebweiler, and Ebermuenster. On November 18 we had the Pontifical Mass in Artolsheim. The first in its history. Ten priests came to

take part; four of them were Artolsheimers. The Pastor is a practical man and formerly had experience in such ceremonies, so all went well. Archabbot Raphael had loaned to me a crozier and a miter. I returned these yesterday. The Beuron Guestmaster was at the Beuron depot yesterday as I traveled from Freiburg to Angsburg, so I handed them to him out of the train window. After the Mass a photo was taken in front of the church. The day following we had a Pontifical Requiem for all deceased Artolsheimers, especially relatives.

Venice, Italy, Saturday night.

December 1, 1934—St. Richard's Feast.

There may be busy days ahead in Rome, therefore I will write from Venice while resting in a comfortable room in the Hotel Royal Daniell. We will begin with where we left off last Sunday after arrival in Munich. Abbot Boniface was most hospitable towards me. It was easy to feel at home in "St. Bonifaz Kloster."—Monday morning, November 26, Father Abbot went with me by train to Andechs. I was surprised to find so large an institution. Andechs is a subsidiary house of St. Boniface in Munich. It dates back to the early centuries—the seventh, I think. There are numerous reminders of antiquity.—Tuesday morning Father Abbot showed me some parts of the city of Munich. In the afternoon he sent one of the Fathers as companion for further visiting in the city. The Liebfrauenkirche was the principal object of interest. This is the Dom or Cathedral of Cardinal Faulhaber. He recently renovated the church. It is a vast, grand edifice. We also climbed up into the bronze statue "Bavaria." High up in her head are two benches on which one can rest and then look over Munich through little peep-holes in Bavaria's locks of hair.—The Benedictine Church in Munich is also a big building. King Louis built it and also built the Monastery of St. Boniface and then gave it to the Benedictines. It seems that when Kings built in the days of old, they did it in a grand way. This particular church is about 250 feet long and about 140 feet wide. Four rows of monolith columns divide the church into five naves. The completed church was dedicated in 1850, about three years before St. Meinrad's Abbey began with its little log house and 160 acre farm. We did not have a King Louis. St. Boniface Parish has 26,000 souls. The care of this parish is the chief work of St. Boniface Abbey, after their *Opus Dei*. There was a time when the parish numbered 62,000 souls. Neither this church nor the Cathedral is heated in winter.—The next day, Friday, to Salzburg. Abbot Jacob met me at the depot. Very few persons on the train went as far as Salzburg. This city is in Austria, and Hitler does not want his people to go into Austria. Every German citizen must pay a fee of 1000 Marks if he wishes to go into Austria. Only in few cases can a permit be obtained that exempts from payment of this fee. This barrier has crippled much trade and also school activity in Austria. For example, no students from the German Abbeys are at present in the College at St. Peter's Kloster. Incidentally, this Abbey is in financial hardship and could use this student patronage well. The Abbey also has a wine cellar where wine is



sold to the public along with lunches. This business is also crippled by the blockade. St. Peter's is a venerable old Abbey. There you are constantly reminded of the long, long ago. The Abbey's beginning is connected with the early Christian era. In fact, the first church was built right next to the mountain cliff where in a rocky cave Christian Martyrs won their crown through the cruelty of Odoacer and his band. Salzburg is a music center, the home of Mozart. This great composer wrote music that was sung in the Abbey Church. Haydn's brother, Michael Haydn, was also a composer. He composed music specially for St. Peter's Abbey. He is buried in the old Abbey Church. Every part of the Abbey Church floor and the floors of chapels and the floor of the cloister is a marker for the grave of a monk, a prince, or some privileged lay person. In the afternoon Abbot Jacob and I walked over to Nonnberg to hear the Sisters sing Vespers. They sing Chant well. I heard of this and purposely went to hear them. St. Erentud is buried in this convent. By the way, I saw in St. Peter's a painting of the man who was Martin Luther's Augustinian Superior. Somehow he got into St. Peter's for a time. In the evening I returned once again to St. Boniface Abbey in Muenchen.

Saturday, December 1, the Feast of St. Richard, I said Vespers high up in the air, over the Suabian Alps. It was the Advent Vespers, the beginning of the new Church year. From where I sat I could look down on the snow covered peaks, right down out of God's own grand heavens. Yes, I traveled by airplane from Munich to Venice. We left Munich at 11:30 and arrived at the Venice airport at 1:15, after a ride of 1½ hours. By train it takes 11¼ hours. This was a wonderful experience. I took moving pictures but only with my eyes. Therefore I can not show you the pictures other than by developing them in narrative form.—At 10:40 an auto took me from the Bayrischer Hof Hotel to the Munich airport. This is a handsome building like all Munich buildings. After going through the "geld revision" and showing the ticket I was ready to embark. The plane can take seven passengers. There were only three: A man and his wife from Regensburg and myself. Each passenger is allowed thirty pounds of baggage free. For additional baggage you pay. I had 27 pounds and smiled at the man that weighed the suit case. Previously I had weighed it and sent about five pounds to Maria Laach for later on. All aboard for Venice! The name of our good ship was "Roma." It is an Italian ship with Italian pilots. On entering the ship I scanned everything like an inquisitive kid. There were two rows of single seats with a narrow aisle between. Four persons can sit on one side of the aisle and four on the other. The conductor, or whatever you call him, occupies the front seat on the right side. That leaves seven seats for passengers. A compartment in the rear is for storage of baggage. The passenger section is about 12 feet long and 5 feet wide. In winter it is heated. Moreover, a heavy blanket is on each seat for further protection. A strap is there too for such as want to be fastened in. We did not use them. At 11:30 "Roma" started to move forward. After almost a

minute we kissed the earth "good-bye." Up through the fog we went. Munich faded away and soon we could see nothing but fog. The fog layer was 500 meters thick. When we got above this we were in the sunshine. Ahead of us we could see the Suabian Alps, which were wholly invisible below on account of the fog. Now we could look down on what appeared like an "ocean of cotton." It was pure fog or mist. The plane was so steady that one hardly seemed to be moving forward. There was a little nervousness of the frame due to the three motors, and the noise was deafening. Cotton was supplied for the ears. Occasionally there was a slight dip downwards and a subsequent rise upwards. But it was easy to write in the plane or to stand or to walk in the aisle.

In twenty minutes we reached the mountains. These were above the fog. We could look down on them and see the places where human feet never trod. Soon there were snow-capped mountains. As we passed over range after range new series of villages could be seen. Towns seemed to be built out of dry goods boxes, so small were the houses. Smaller roads looked like lines of three-inch pipe lying on the ground. Larger roads looked like twelve-inch paths. Every ten minutes or so the conductor listened to and wrote down a radio message which he in turn handed to one of the two pilots in the cabin before us. A sliding door separated this cabin from our compartment. All too soon we were past the mountains and over the Italian plains. We could see at a glance thousands of little fields and dozens of towns. Winding rivers and highways could be traced clearly. Then finally the motors slowed down a bit and we dropped gradually to a lower level, circled around sharply and there was Venice. We had to show passports and go through the custom house or room and then by boat we were taken over to the city of Venice.

It seemed so strange here to see all the people walking right in the middle of the street. Then it dawned on me that there were no autos here; no filling stations; only boats and gondolas and waterways and bridges. I wonder where auto tourists leave their machines when they come here. Any auto mechanic coming to Venice to make his living here is going to be out of luck.—This city is swarming with children and pigeons. The pigeons are about St. Mark's piazza; the children are all around the town. Thank God, there are more children here than grown folks.—Though this is December 1, it is not very cold here. More news later. I will stay here till next Monday afternoon, then fly to Rome, a trip of 2¼ hours. That is something that the noble Caesar himself could not do. Our holy Patron, St. Meinrad, is also sharing this airplane trip. I have the relic from Einsiedeln with me. In the pectoral cross is the relic of St. Mathias, and in the ring is the relic of St. Ignatius. We are all traveling together, so I am in choice company that ought to be reliable in an emergency. The cost of the flight from Munich to Rome is 90 Marks. The train fare, second class, is 73 Marks. This, together with the saving in time and meals on the way makes the flight economical on this stretch.



## The Common Cold

INDIANA STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

A common cold is something more than a nuisance. It may be the forerunner of a much more serious disease, such as bronchitis or pneumonia, and as such may actually become a menace to life.

The common cold is a very expensive disease. In the factory and in the school more time is lost from the common cold than from any other disease. Industry and education are both hard hit, and the cost of time lost from work and study is a financial burden of no small proportions. The parent, the wage-earner, and the taxpayer are paying the piper.

The prevention of colds is a necessity, for they are both infectious and contagious.

Much time and effort have been spent in trying to discover the particular germ responsible for the common cold. The latest work seems to indicate that the cause of this disease is to be found in a filterable virus; that is, this virus will pass through a filter and even a high-powered microscope cannot detect the offending organism. The infective agent is present in the nasal secretions of the victim, who has acquired the infection by direct or indirect contact with someone else suffering from the disease. If you wish to avoid a cold, give your sneezing, coughing friends a wide berth.

During the cold season of the year, colds are very prevalent, and a large number of the patients are walking abroad in the land because they will not be kept in by 'just a cold,' and as a result innocent bystanders suffer. They are sprayed with the infection liberated by a chorus of sneezes. The hands of a person with

a cold are practically sure to be infected from his nasal secretions, and the infection will be conveyed to articles he handles and to other hands which he touches. Hence, it is almost impossible to avoid direct or indirect contact with the infection unless the people who have colds are willing to take measures for the protection of their fellows.

The best method of protection, for both the sick and the well, is for the patient with a cold to go home—to bed, if necessary,—and to stay there until he has recovered. The patient needs quiet, rest, and proper care, and he cannot obtain these in office, shop, or factory. While thus doing the best thing for himself, he is likewise adopting one of the best methods of protecting the general public.

### Query Corner

(Continued from page 306)

editor, plunged into a life of profligacy after reading a filthy book. These are not isolated examples. Unfortunately they are too common. If any Catholic, no matter how educated he may think himself to be, believes that he can ward off single-handed all the subtle and insidious attacks against faith advanced by the enemies of Christianity and the Church, or that he can pass unscathed through pages of lurid, lustful, obscene descriptions and situations, he is only a pitiable victim of self-deception. Education alone is no safeguard against sin. Grace is. And grace is given only to those who are humble and obedient enough to recognize their own limitations and the Church's authority. To these the Church is always ready to make an exception and permit them to read a book otherwise forbidden if there is any real necessity for it, provided the reader obtains due permission and is moreover assured that he will suffer no serious harm either to faith or morals.

## Latest Official List of Classified Pictures

(Continued from page 309)

**CLASS C**  
(Pictures in this group are considered immoral and indecent and entirely unfit for family patronage.)

**A**  
Affairs of a Gentleman—Universal  
Affairs of Cellini—United Artists  
All of Me—Paramount  
Ariane—Independent

**B**  
Back Street—Universal  
Born to Be Bad—United Artists

**C**  
Catherine The Great—United Artists  
Cynara—United Artists

**D**  
Design for Living—Paramount  
Dr. Monica—Warner

**E**  
Enlighten Thy Daughter—Independent

**F**  
Fighting Lady, The—Independent  
Finishing School—RKO  
Firebird—Warner Bros.  
Fog Over Frisco—First National

**G**  
Gay Bride, The—MGM  
Girl From Missouri, The—MGM  
Girls for Sale—Independent  
Glamour—Universal  
Good Dame—Paramount

**H**  
Hat, Coat and Glove—RKO  
Henry the Eighth—United Artists  
He Was Her Man—Warner

**I**  
I Have Lived—Chesterfield

**J**  
Jimmy the Gent—Warner

**K**  
Kiss and Make-Up—Paramount

**L**  
Laughing Boy—MGM  
Lazy River—MGM  
Life of Vergie Winters, The—RKO  
Limehouse Blues—Paramount  
Little Man, What Now?—Universal

**M**  
Madame DuBarry—Warner  
Manhattan Melodrama—MGM  
Men in White—MGM  
Men of the Night—Columbia  
Merry Wives of Reno—Warner  
Modern Hero, A—Warner  
Morals for Women—Independent

**N**  
Nana—United Artists  
Narcotic—Independent  
Notorious But Nice—Chesterfield

**O**  
Of Human Bondage—RKO  
One More River—Universal

**P**  
Picture Brides—Independent  
Playthings of Desire—Independent  
Private Life of Henry VIII, The—U. A.

**Q**  
Queen Christina—MGM

**R**  
Registered Nurse—First National  
Riptide—MGM  
Road to Ruin—Independent

**S**  
Sadie McKee—MGM  
Scarlet Empress, The—Paramount  
Side Streets—First National  
Sisters Under the Skin—Columbia  
Smarty—Warner Bros.  
Springtime for Henry—Fox  
Such Women Are Dangerous—Fox

**T**  
Tomorrow's Children—Independent  
Trouble in Paradise—Paramount  
Trumpet Blows, The—Paramount

**U**  
Uncertain Lady—Universal  
Unknown Blonde—Majestic  
Upper World—Warner Bros.

**V**  
Vergie Winters—RKO

**W**  
Wharf Angel—Paramount  
Wild Gold—Fox  
Women in His Life, The—MGM

**Y**  
Youth of Russia, The—Ind.

## A South Dakota Dust Storm

(Continued from page 307)

swooping up this dust, filling the air with it so densely that the sun is totally obscured, all nature assumes a sombre twilight appearance, chickens go to roost, and during its intensity, lasting several hours, it is impossible to read or write without artificial light. Large buildings not more than one hundred feet away are completely invisible. Motorists caught in it are often compelled to stop due to lack of road vision, and those exposed to it for any length of time become so besooted that they appear like coal handlers or chimney sweeps after a hard day's work.

All loose objects become legitimate prey and playthings for this gale. The bushy prairie thistles fly helter skelter over the fields in a mad endeavor to catch one another and see who can spread the most seed to propagate their thorny race, until some fence or ditch disputes their passage and dares stand up and say: "Thus far and no further shalt thou go." In a spirit of vengeance they pile upon the poor fences until their very weight breaks it down. Leaves and lighter objects indulge in a fast and furious game of catch or crostag, and heavier material such as twigs and light boards are here one instant and somewhere the next. Woe to any loose shingles and tin on the roofs, or weather boards not securely fastened! Due to the continued pressure of this gale, and the fierceness of its older and more vicious brother, the blizzard, all buildings, properly constructed, are firmly anchored to their foundation walls, and strongly braced to withstand pressure both from the north and the west.

The tempest is over. Mother Nature has lulled the storm to rest, but the storm of anger of the good South Dakota housewife continues unabated. She is in tears. Dust, dust everywhere! It has filtered in through the crevices and invaded the whole house. Dust on the floors, dust on the beds, dust on the tables, dust on the dishes, and dust in the food. All lustre has disappeared from glass and furniture. Mr. Prairie Farmer can go and shake the dust out of his clothes, and take a bath to get it out of the pores of his skin, his hair, his ears, and his nose. What is in the eyes must be washed out with briny tears, and that in the mouth forms part of the peck of dirt the sons of Adam are doomed to eat.

In comparison with the blizzards of the Northwest, these dust storms might appropriately be called "Black Blizzards." They are analogous to the sand storms in the deserts of lower California, in the Dunes of northern Indiana, and to the simoons of Arabia and Syria.

## Daughters of Good Families

who have the vocation for a religious life and wish to dedicate themselves to the Divine Heart of Jesus for the *Salvation of Souls* will be received by the Carmelites of the Divine Heart of Jesus, Provincial House, 1214 Kavanaugh pl., Wauwatosa, Wis.

## Just a Swallow

Here is a good one from *The Little Bronzed Angel*, which is printed at the Indian mission, Marty, South Dakota. This mission has a school which is attended by three hundred and thirty little Indians. The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament are the teachers. Father Sylvester, who is a Benedictine Father from St. Meinrad, Indiana, is the missionary in charge.

In the "Doings" at Marty" we find this anecdote related under date of Dec. 27th: "Sister knocks at the nurse's door very excitedly this afternoon. Could the nurse come quickly and take Ida Rose, one of the little Indian girls, to the doctor? She has swallowed a large bead, and it is lodged in her throat. The nurse hurries to get the car, and in a few minutes they are started on the thirteen-mile trip to the nearest doctor. Ida Rose strangles and chokes as the car bounces over the bumps in the road. All at once she coughs and is quiet. The nurse is afraid to look at the patient. Then she hears her move, and knows that she is still alive. The gas feed goes down just a little farther, and at last they are in front of the doctor's office. The little Indian girl has been trying to say something, but in all the excitement nobody realizes what she is saying. The doctor takes one look into her throat and smiles. Ida Rose had taken the case in her own hands, and as she was trying to say she 'jus' swalled the bead.'... The Mission nurse now has her own ideas about removing foreign substances from people's throats. And Ida Rose has made a New Year's resolution to wear her beads on the outside of her neck."

## Our Scholarships

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3998.22. Total: \$3998.22.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3648.40. Total: \$3648.40.

ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3589.21. J. L., Ky., 75¢; Mr. & Mrs. O. C. M., Ind., \$5. Total: \$3594.96.

ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3246.29. L. R., Mo., \$1.70; Mrs. M. P., N. Y., \$5.40; Mrs. M. McG., Mich., \$1; Mr. & Mrs. W. J. U., Ia., \$2; A. J., Pa., \$1; F. E., DuT., Minn., \$1. Total: \$3258.39.

## Grail Building Fund

Illinois: St. M. Hosp., \$1; Mrs. J. J., \$1. Indiana: Mrs. W. H., 25¢; G. C. T., \$4; C. B., 10¢. Kentucky: Mrs. E. M., \$1. Massachusetts: Mr. & Mrs. M. F. C., \$1. Michigan: Mr. & Mrs. S. G., \$2. New Jersey: C. J. C., \$1; Mrs. A. S., \$2. New York: L. S., \$1; Mrs. E. T., \$1; M. F., 30¢; Mrs. J. D., 40¢. Ohio: J. B., \$1.70. Pennsylvania: K. R., \$1.

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